HUSTLER

A LARRY FLYNT PUBLICATION

NOVEMBER 1977 2.25

HALLOWEEN ISSUE



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NOVEMBER 1977 VOLUME 4 NUMBER 5

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SHOW&TELL

Cover by Frank DeLia



This is the time of year for tricks and treats—and, as always, HUSTLER believes in treating our readers right. However, not everyone shares our sense of fair play. The courts, for example, have been dishing up razor-blade apples to this country's male minority for years, an injustice that became boldly apparent to writer **Jonathan Black** while he was attending law school. Black, a veteran HUSTLER contributor (*Profile: Bruno Sammartino*, October 1977), examines the problem in **Men's Rights: Two Balls, Two Strikes**. The accompanying illustration marks the HUSTLER debut of 23-year-old Ohio artist **Paul Gulacy**, who has done fashion illustrations, Marvel comic books and the cover of our latest, red-hot one-shot—THE ADVENTURES OF HONEY HOOKER, now on sale at most newsstands.

The trick to becoming a master promoter of country and western and of bluegrass musicians seems to be in the ability to recognize talent early. That—combined with a lot of hot air—was what led to the success of the subject of this month's **Profile: Carlton Haney.** Reporter **John Pugh**, who has written for *Country Music* and *CountryStyle* magazines, authored the piece. HUSTLER Photo Editor **Frank DeLia**, who shot this month's scarecrow cover, journeyed to North Carolina to snap the photograph of Haney.

While some may find the story difficult to swallow, rumor has it that there are more than a few people willing to pay for the treat of owning a vial of celebrity urine. Inspired by the flood of tales about the late Howard Hughes's habit of preserving his piss in mason jars, Chicago-based humorist **Jay Lynch** immersed himself in the rumor mill to bring us **Showered by Howard**, the truth about the celeb-urine fad. In addition to writing for regional publications such as *Chicago Mirror* and *Chicagoan*, the versatile Lynch has also produced underground comics, bubble-gum cards and designed a board game—"The Chicagoan Game." The piece is illustrated by **Jim Evans**, whose work has appeared in *Surfer* and *Psychology Today* magazines and in our sister publication, CHIC.

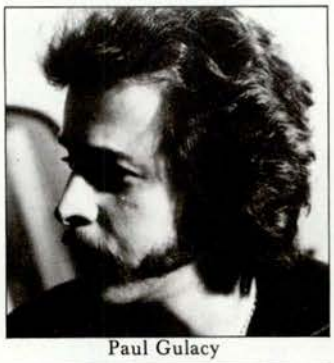
Telling a story about two senior citizens in love is a tricky feat for a writer to pull off without resorting to sticky sentimentality. **E. L. Gerdes**, an Iowa State Penitentiary inmate and a previous HUSTLER contributor (*Anchors*, May 1977), has once again utilized his controlled talents to bring us this month's powerful fiction, **Bennie Loves Clara**, a love story in the HUSTLER style. Artist **David Mann**, whose work regularly appears in the outspoken motorcycle magazine *Easyriders*, provides the accompanying artwork.

Unlike many erotic artists who masquerade behind pseudonyms, **Bob Bishop** is justly proud of being the unchallenged master of bondage art. This month HUSTLER presents **On the Ropes**, seven never-before-published works by the man who has come to be known as the Norman Rockwell of bondage and discipline.

No mask can hide the anxiety and tension brought on by premature ejaculation, a problem as common as tooth decay. Prolific West Coast writer **Chris Cassel** (author of September's *Sex Play* on bondage, "Glory Bound") tells our readers about ways to cure the malady in this month's **Sex Play: Overcoming Premature Ejaculation**.

All in all, we're sure you'll find the November HUSTLER to be a generous bag of goodies—one good enough to satisfy even the most active sweet tooth.

—ALTHEA FLYNT
Associate Publisher/Editorial Director



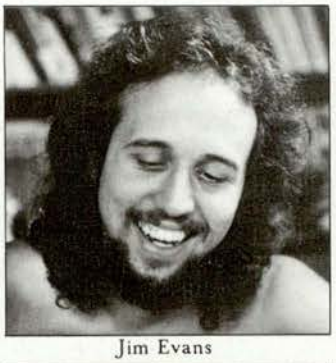
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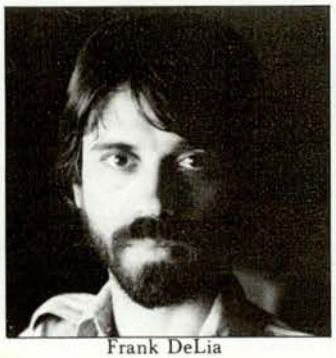
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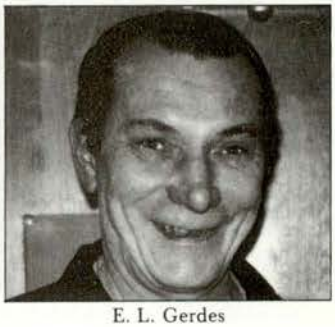
Jim Evans



Frank DeLia



David Mann



E. L. Gerdes

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FRONT



BACK

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STATEMENT



Jew-Baiting

Is HUSTLER anti-Semitic? That accusation has been leveled at me because I published a cartoon showing *Chester the Molester* luring a young girl, obviously Jewish, with a dollar bill (September 1977 issue). I would, of course, be less than honest if I didn't admit that the cartoon in question was meant to confront and shock and outrage the sensibilities of those people who pretend to be liberated but feel threatened by ideas which don't fit the prescribed social mode. In this instance, the thinking goes: In the past, Jews have been ridiculed by anti-Semites; therefore all those who now ridicule Jews are anti-Semitic.

It can be easily demonstrated how obviously false this reasoning is. Germans, Italians and the Irish are *not* generally discriminated against, although the Germans are frequently mocked for being militaristic, the Italians for being Mafia and the Irish for tipping the bottle. Yet depictions of such stereotypes in cartoons rarely result in accusations of racism, and are usually seen as a sign of acceptance of that ethnic group. If a person were *really* prejudiced against a particular ethnic group, he would in all probability *remain silent!* We have also been accused of being tasteless for making fun of the handicapped, but it's ridiculous to assume we're *against* handicapped people.

On many occasions in the past, I've stated publicly that HUSTLER is tasteless. This is an intentional part of our editorial format because tastelessness is a necessary tool in challenging preconceived notions in an uptight world where people are afraid to discuss their attitudes, prejudices and misconceptions. And as I have also stated (all too often), I believe that an open dialogue is the first step in digging our way out from beneath the neurotic rubble left by years of repression. I have said all of this so many times that I probably wouldn't have responded to this latest barrage of criticism if one of the complaints hadn't come from a person I respect and admire. He questioned my intent.

I think most of us can agree that a joke or cartoon poking fun at ethnic groups is harmless, regardless of content, provided the intention is not malicious or racist. Most people pride themselves on being able to take a joke. You can call a man a Kraut, a Mick, a Wop or even a cheap Jew as long as *he knows* that the remark is not hostile. But HUSTLER comes out of the Midwest, and many Americans still harbor stereotypes about all midwesterners being bigots and red-necks. When a midwesterner makes an ethnic slur, some people get uneasy, suspecting the motivation. And *that* is a real form of prejudice. Apparently, racial slurs are OK if you present them in *National Lampoon*, on NBC's *Saturday Night* or in *Screw* magazine. To which I say, "Bullshit!"

HUSTLER will continue to mock all minorities and ethnic groups in the same way my staff and I mock ourselves. If we are not immune, why should anyone else be? And in case I still haven't made myself clear on the subject of Jew-baiting in HUSTLER, let me state unequivocally that I am against discrimination of any sort. Yes, I am aware that 6 million Jews were killed in Nazi-occupied Europe and, yes, I am horrified that humanity is capable of such brutalization. But most important, I believe that such negative human attributes are fostered by the cloak of silence and fear, which provides bigotry with a fertile breeding ground. Bigotry, once held up to the light in a free and healthy society, vanishes because it cannot stand close scrutiny.

Don't fear the loud, abrasive remarks. Fear the silence.

Larry Flynt

Editor & Publisher

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FEEDBACK

NEVER AGAIN

When are you going to take off your shirt and show the world your swastika, Flynt, you filthy piece of inferior gentile shit! By publishing two anti-Semitic cartoons in the September HUSTLER along with an anti-black cartoon and a bigoted treatment of blacks in the *Honey Hooker* strip, you have proven that you're a closet Nazi swine.

As a Jew, I found the cartoons depicting a little Jewish girl chasing a dollar and a Hasidic Jew with an outsized nose patently offensive. I think *sickening* is a better word. I felt the same about the black in the desert reaching for the sunglasses and the reference to "watermelon" in the *Honey Hooker* strip. You also took care to degrade the feminist movement in the strip, leaving no minority unturned—or uninsulted.

Anti-Semitism such as yours is rooted in the vile envy you hold for the Jewish people because so many of us have obtained wealth and stature in this country far beyond that of the inferior gentile population. Jews are genetically more intelligent, more astute and more ambitious than non-Jews. And our influence in this country is very strong, especially in the radio, television, motion picture and publishing industries. Look at the large proportion of actors, comedians, singers, authors, producers, directors and editors who are Jewish. We can make and break people in these industries. Assaults on the Jewish people can get your publication buried a lot faster than any obscenity suit.

Samuel Markam
San Antonio, Texas

The *Chester the Molester* cartoon in the September 1977 issue of HUSTLER was very distasteful and very degrading to anyone of the Jewish religion. Let's see you put a joke in about the Christians. I would like to see you apologize to all the Jewish people who read your magazine, and I would like to see you out of the business.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

This subject is discussed in this month's Statement *on page 9.*

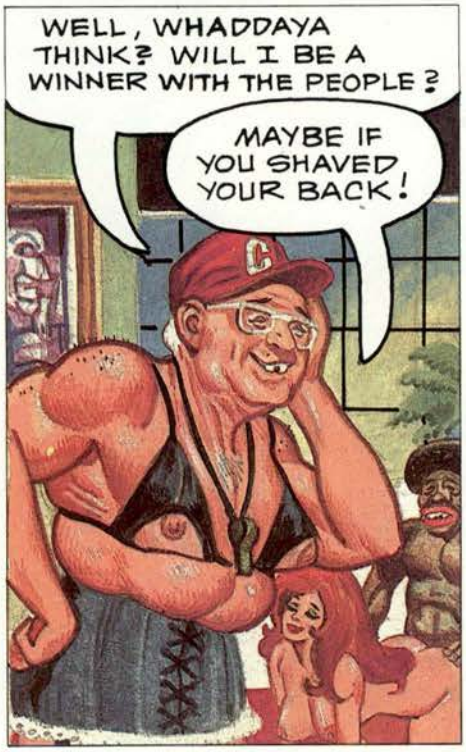
TASTE OF HONEY

The photos in HUSTLER are very well done, but the cartoons are put together by some very sick people. All this need to show blood, amputation, etc., can only come from some very sadistic individuals. And the need to show Arabs and Jews in the August 1977 *Honey Hooker* reaches a new low in poor judgment. I think you owe your readers an apology for including such filth in your magazine.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request







I am writing to compliment you on the September 1977 *Honey Hooker.* Being a regular HUSTLER reader and a fan of the University of Michigan, I enjoyed the cartoon a great deal. HUSTLER and Michigan are number one!

Cass Pietrykowskian
Hamtramck, Michigan

For the benefit of our readers who don't know, there is a traditional rivalry between the University of Michigan and Columbus' own Ohio State University. Some Michigan readers interpreted the Clayville State Browneyes in that strip as being the OSU Buckeyes, when actually they could have represented any midwestern football power with a gap-toothed, sex-hating coach.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

I want to know who the hotbox was you had sitting on the mailbox in your advertisement for CHIC. Is there any chance of seeing her in the pink?

D. M.
Fullerton, California

The model you are referring to also appeared on the cover of HUSTLER's January 1977 issue. We have no immediate plans to feature her in a photo layout, but that status could change because of requests like yours.

In the past, HUSTLER, you promised pictures of super-hairy beavers, legs, arms, etc. All I can say is that you were full of crap, for not one has been shown to date. Come on, quit lying to your public and show some hairy women. I really groove on them! There have been some good ones in *Beaver Hunt,* but the photos are too damned small. Please run them large enough so you can *really* see all of the hair.

Also, I would like to see better models for your photo spreads. Too many of your models have been used so much they look like 500 miles of dirt road.

J. E. Pearson
Chicago, Illinois

HUSTLER is a great magazine. Keep up the good work, you guys! You've always managed to show great creativity in your selection of models and the settings they pose in. One special request: How about some photo spreads of older women?

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

As always, we at HUSTLER take reader requests seriously. In the works are photo layouts featuring a "golden oldie" and a hairy woman. Look for them in upcoming issues, along with a few other models guaranteed to blow your mind as only HUSTLER knows how.

CHEERS!

I write concerning the recent, interesting article on wines by Tim Conaway, "HUSTLER's Biased Guide to Very Cheap Wines."

Granted, America needs a guide to very cheap wines; but why don't you run it in a 25-cent pamphlet instead of a $2.25 glossy that a bum cannot afford? For that matter, why don't you run it in a pamphlet a free-lance wine writer can afford? Better yet, send me a freebie of your next one.

I am glad Conaway gave some time to the sad case of these burnt-out folks; believe me, I love the wine business, but I can tell already which of my colleagues will be joining Chicago's Madison Street crowd. Pity.

I don't know where Conaway read that there are "no chemicals in California wines." I believe there are a number of chemical additives permitted in California wines. In addition, federal law allows that sugar and water can be up to 35 percent of the final wine product, although California disallows the use of both except in rare cases.

Again, I found the article quite interesting and the approach refreshing.

Patrick W. Fegan
Wine Editor, *Chicago*
Chicago, Illinois

Federal regulations state that nothing can be added to or subtracted from a wine which changes its basic natural state. Chemicals are *used in the screening and storage processes, but the residual, if any, is so minute as to be inconsequential.*

MIXING IT UP

You have stated that you would run nude photos of Jimmy Carter's wife Rosalynn if you had them. I think they would be pretty difficult to get, so why not show something that would be a lot more erotic—the lovely body of Didi Ansett, now Mrs. Bill Russell. I would pay $10 for your magazine if you had a display of Didi and her tall black husband. If there is anything that turns me on it is the picture of a lovely, naked white chick in the arms of a naked black man.

Also, do you think you could get a shot of Wilt Chamberlain and his blonde live-in maid in the altogether? Last summer I saw a "black in white" porno movie in which a basketball player's wife falls for two black players on his team. By the time they've finished with her, she's driving off into the sunset with her two black lovers.

"Black in white" is what turns me on, so please try to get a centerfold of Bill and Didi and show me your magazine has something for everybody.

Cham Inger
Woodinville, Washington

I've been an avid HUSTLER reader for some time now and felt I should add my two-cents worth on the controversial subject of blacks and whites mixing sexually.

I have a passion for black men. However, I'm as picky in choosing a black partner as I am in choosing a white one. Whatever his color, the man must be in good shape. The attraction isn't the myth that black men are hung. I have found that black men are not hung longer but, rather, wider.

I am small (5'1", 90 lbs.), with blonde hair, blue eyes and very light skin. The contrast of black skin against my white body is not only beautiful, but a turn-on as well. And looking down to see my black man pounding his black dick into my blonde pussy is enough to make me come.

HUSTLER, please run more pictorials of mixed couples, especially black men and white women. Although there are a lot of people out there who don't appreciate blacks and whites together, I'm sure there are a lot who would.

Name Withheld by Request
Mt. Holly, New Jersey

I once went out with a black chick who made me erupt cum like a volcano. Now, whenever I see some dusky-skinned fox I get so curious thinking about what her pussy looks like I can hardly stand it. Why not run some black beaver for a change?

The guys I work with agree with me. We demand equal-opportunity erotica! Haven't you heard black is beautiful? Look around you! There are plenty of brown-sugar foxes who would look terrific in HUSTLER.

Name Withheld by Request
Chicago, Illinois

Obviously you missed our black Honey, Naomi (August 1976 issue), who raised the point that "it's all pink on the inside." Raquel, featured in our January 1977 issue, also supported that claim. Watch for more black foxes in Beaver Hunt *as well as interracial sex in upcoming HUSTLER photo features.*



PINK WITH RAGE

I don't know who the shithead is who wrote your scathing review of *Club Quest* (August 1977 issue), but I wish he'd carry on his feuds without dragging an entire minority group into his cesspool with him. Obviously the jerk is still living in the last century, and still thinks of gay men as limp-wristed and so on. His shrill and babyish attack on one magazine turned into a very childish attack on all gays. What for? So that he could "offend" one editor for daring to enlarge the scope of his magazine?

Obviously the reviewer thinks that male homosexuals are less than men. Well, personally, I'd like to meet this "real man." He's most likely some creep who is convinced that all "fairies" are after his ugly, aging body. A wimp like him would never have the guts to show up at one of our meetings. He might find out that a man is a man no matter what sex he sleeps with.

Bill Schoell
Media Chairman
Gay Activists Alliance
New York, New York

I'm a 33-year-old gay male. I want very much to thank you, Larry, for the stand you

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took on gay rights (*Statement*, July 1977 issue).

This "Save Our Children" stuff that Anita Bryant is pushing is a crock of shit! I don't want to recruit anyone's children. I just want to be free from harassment and discrimination—which I have not been! It takes a special person to understand the plight of gays, and you certainly have a lot of love in your heart for all humanity. This Bryant bitch is as sick as the day is long. If you have a chance, jab her again for me.

In your *Statement* you mentioned that HUSTLER is basically a straight publication, but be aware that even in a nickel-beer town like Pittsburgh your gay readership is quite high. We often discuss HUSTLER when shooting the shit at the local gay bar.

We gay boys have truly enjoyed your features on pube shaving. We've been shaving our crotches for years. It's a real turn-on. How about some more pictures of shaved males, or maybe a special gay feature every month? Better yet, why not a separate publication for gays?

Paul M.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

There is already an extremely good gay magazine on the market, Blueboy. *You may have had trouble finding it on your local newsstand, but that problem is expected to be overcome soon.*

We have been readers of HUSTLER since the beginning and were pleased to note in a recent issue of *Players* that you have nosed out *Reader's Digest* for the number 10 spot in circulation. We wish you continued success in your climb to the top. It is only a matter of time before you edge out *Playboy* and *Penthouse,* which we no longer read.

In reference to your *Statement* dealing with gay rights, we are in complete agreement. Although none of us has homosexual preferences, we still believe in the right of *every* citizen to live his or her life exactly as they deem proper for themselves. We praise your efforts and hope that HUSTLER will continue to speak out on behalf of human rights for everyone on this planet.

Russell L. Bonine
Scarlett Y. Sanders
Betty J. Legaux
Willie J. Tate
Ronald L. Legaux
San Diego, California

AIRING AN OPINION

We'd like to thank you and your staff for the enjoyment your Scratch 'n' Sniff issue (August 1977) provided for the members of Phase II A, Branch Officers Advance Course, USAR School, even though two members rubbed warts and sores onto their tongues. We're waiting for a Lick 'n' Taste issue and—ultimately—a Bite 'n' Chew.

Names Withheld by Request
Fort Bliss, Texas

Your Scratch 'n' Sniff centerfold was a big letdown to every snatch-snorter I know. After you had the balls to mention the "psychological trauma that occurs when a muff-diver, with his tastebuds set for twat, encounters a cunt with the odor and flavor of fresh mint" in that issue's *Sex Play,* you give us a noseful of sachet and flowers.

From now on, when I spend money to smell cunt I'll get the real thing. If I want to smell lilacs, I'll sniff grandmother's purse.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Although I'm not much on women's lib and haven't burned my 32DD bra, I'd like to see a little fairness in your magazine. After Scratch 'n' Sniff for the guys, why not a Peel 'n' Feel for us girls? Here's how it could be done: run a picture of Larry with a pop-up prick, the way they do in pop-up greeting cards. Wow, what a greeting that would be!

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

CENSORSHIP SUCKS!

I received a letter from the Customs Office here in Ottawa saying that they were holding my August issue of HUSTLER because it had been classified "immoral or indecent." I went to the Customs Office and after a lot of hollering they let me in to see the guy who wrote the letter.

He was a very ignorant, sarcastic son of a bitch and I was in a real nasty mood. You never cross a cowboy from Texas if you want to stay alive. I told him it was a federal offense to steal U.S. mail, but he just laughed and said that that law didn't apply in Canada.

When I told him it was a violation of my human rights, he said the government can do anything it wants and there is nothing I can do about it.

He said HUSTLER is banned in Canada and that Larry Flynt didn't give a damn if I got my magazine just as long as he got his money. I told him he was a liar.

When I saw I wasn't getting anywhere with the son of a bitch, I told him I was gonna kick his head in. He got scared and apologized to me, saying that he had orders from the Canadian government to check all the mail from the States for HUSTLER because they don't want it in Canada. He told me he was holding about 120 copies.

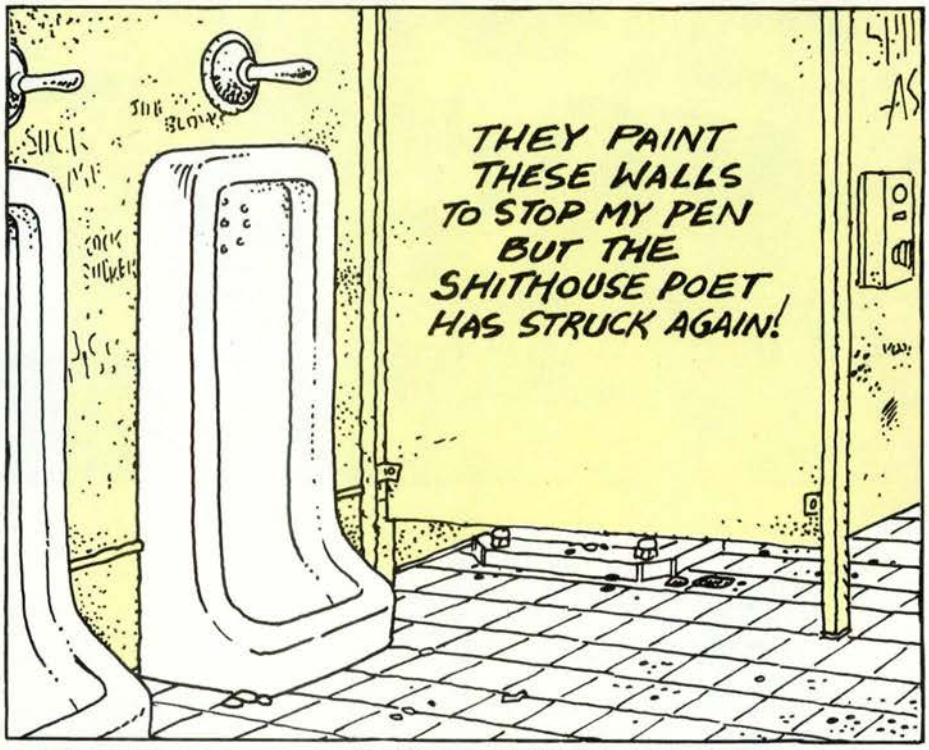
My subscription is paid up until June 1978, so if y'all have any ideas on what we can do about this, please let me know. Don't send my HUSTLER until we get this thing cleared up.

I don't want to go to jail for murder, and if they keep anything else on me I'm gonna kill somebody.

Tex McHugh
Ottawa, Ontario

To prevent such confiscation, we are now sending HUSTLER into Canada in unmarked envelopes. If you still have trouble getting your copies, however, please let us know.

GRAFFILTHY



THANX GOES TO L. BRUBAKER, PT. ARTHUR, TX.

Sex Bits

WORLD SEX NEWS ROUNDUP

Telerotica

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Columbus, Ohio 43215

Elizabeth Candon, the head of Vermont's Human Services Agency, is also a Roman Catholic nun. Sister Elizabeth has publicly taken the state and federal governments to task for refusing public funds to poor women seeking abortions. As a result, she has been threatened with Church discipline and publicly rebuked by her bishop, the Reverend John Marshall.

Bishop Marshall, writing in a local Catholic publication, said: Sister Elizabeth's "viewpoint is neither approved nor even tolerated in any manner whatsoever by the bishop of the diocese." The bishop further remarked: "She...should understand that these free-will decisions can place her outside the sacramental life of the Roman Catholic Church and deprive her of her good standing as a member of a religious community."

A group of well-known feminists, meeting at the New York home of author Susan Brownmiller, has announced that certain of its members will be joining forces with anti-smut zealots in seeking to curb pornography. HUSTLER was singled out for special attention by the women, who allege that men's magazines, as well as movies and record album covers, portray women in an unflattering light.

Brownmiller, who was the subject of an unflattering article appearing in the May 1976 issue of HUSTLER, was quoted as saying: "I don't have to draw the line. But I can tell you that HUSTLER and Snuff are beyond it."

Coincidentally, two other feminists who attended the meeting have received editorial rough treatment in these pages. Gloria Steinem, editor of Ms. magazine, was exposed as a former CIA flunky in the June 1977 issue of HUSTLER. She has admitted acting for the CIA from 1959 to 1962, during which time she helped the agency to manipulate students for intelligence purposes. Also present at the meeting was Shere Hite, author of the Hite Report. HUSTLER Associate Editor Tim Conaway published an irreverent rebuttal to Hite's book in our April 1977 issue. Accompanying that article was a series of pictures taken of Hite during her days as a porno model.

In the aftermath of her successful anti-homosexual crusade, Anita Bryant seems to be more popular than ever. The Florida Citrus Commission, which has employed Bryant as its advertising spokesperson in the past, has concluded that she still seems to be selling orange juice.

A citrus boycott threatened by gay rights activists has apparently had little or no impact upon orange juice sales. Even so, members of the commission say that they will be alertly watching sales figures, and that a successful boycott by large numbers of people will receive their attention.

Dr. Robert Solnick, a Los Angeles-based psychologist who specializes in problems of the aging, says older men can easily improve their sexual performance--all it takes is a little imagination.

Dr. Solnick believes that there is a positive connection between a strong sexual fantasy life and sexual performance in older men. In other words, he believes that thinking dirty is liable to help men over middle age to maintain a full and active sexual life. By using pornography to stimulate the erotic interest in a group of volunteer test subjects, Solnick says that he was able to help the men cast off the repression which was keeping them from finding satisfaction in the bedroom.

Furthermore, reports Dr. Solnick, by getting the men interested in erotic movies, books, pictures and slides, he was able to inspire them to become as sexually responsive as men years younger would be. Solnick says that it is not actually necessary to have great numbers of sexual experiences. The key to improved performance is simply keeping an open mind. "What's important," he concludes, "is that fantasizing itself can be the solution."

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ADVISE & CONSENT

Advise & Consent *is a reader-oriented column designed to provide answers to sexual questions regarding fetishes, hang-ups or other problems of a personal nature. This column is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice and care of a doctor. If you would like to question HUSTLER about whatever subject may be on your mind, direct your inquiry to HUSTLER Magazine,* Advise & Consent *Editor, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.*

Edited by Susi Green

I'm an attractive 28-year-old woman despite being "overweight" according to the standard charts. I don't consider my weight a problem, but unfortunately other people do. My friends are always saying that with my pretty face I could be really attractive if I would reduce. Most men apparently feel the same way, because few of them bother to look past my body to see if they like the person inside. I don't think there are any laws that say a person can't be pretty and heavy at the same time.

As a teenager I struggled with enough diets to fill ten books and finally gave up and learned to accept and like myself—*all* of myself. I've always been heavy and feel that it's just the real, natural me. Thanks to the media, it seems that most men have become oriented toward a "broomstick society" in which "beautiful" women look like coat-racks with false eyelashes. I feel alone in my battle against the world, but I know I shouldn't be. Can you give me any advice about how to find people who share my feelings? I'm usually optimistic, but I'm finding it increasingly difficult to keep my chins up.

B. F. W.
Milan, Missouri

The National Association to Aid Fat Americans, Inc., may be just what you're looking for. A nonprofit organization, NAAFA works toward increasing the happiness and well-being of overweight people. Even though not all members are heavy, all share the sentiment that everyone has a right to happiness and dignity regardless of a person's size. In addition to trying to improve conditions for overweight people in all aspects of life—including public transportation, employment opportunities, clothing availability, etc.—the group provides many services and also sponsors social activities for its members. For more information and a membership application, write to: NAAFA, Box 132, Ossining, New York 10562.

I'm 21 and have been dating a 20-year-old girl for over a year, but I can't understand her. For instance, I take her out on the town and when it comes time to call it quits, she says it was a great evening, kisses me good-night, and that's that. But she goes to a local bar with her friends and screws almost any guy who asks—the first time he asks. What do I have to do to get a piece of her ass? I'm on the verge of raping her. Is that the only solution?

C. K.
Cheyenne, Wyoming

Raping her would probably create more problems for you. Besides, it's against the law. Apparently you and your girlfriend are not looking for the same type of relationship. You didn't say how close your relationship is or how openly you communicate. But if you can talk to her honestly, tell her how you feel. There are many possible reasons for her actions. She may consider you a friend and a welcome relief from her nightly wrestling matches with other guys. She may merely enjoy your company, and the thought of a sexual relationship with you has never crossed her mind.

You might also reconsider your own feelings. If you enjoy your relationship and would like to continue on a nonsexual basis, find a new girlfriend and maintain the first girl as a friend. If you aren't interested in continuing your relationship unless you get a piece of ass, tell her. Most important, let her know how you feel, find out how she feels, and decide from there.

Every summer when I go swimming I have to shave my legs and trim my snatch. I don't have an overabundance of hair on my legs and don't usually have to shave very often. My pubic patch, however, is thick and bushy, and a few black hairs stick out of my bikini. I hate shaving around my sensitive genital area because the razor irritates the skin and often causes a rash. I've even tried chemical hair removers, but they don't work very well either. Could I get away with letting the hairs stick out? I've seen only one woman do this, so I don't know whether it's a common practice or not. Men have hair sticking out all over their bodies, so why not a little hair on women? Would it make me look cheap?

C. H.
Englewood, Ohio

As bikinis get briefer, more and more women are faced with the problem of peeking pubes, and there is no definite, universal solution. Some women accept their unruly hair as a natural part of their body and feel no embarrassment about it. Others feel self-conscious and continue to shave or use chemical hair removers. Some may find an overflowing bush cheap; others may find it sexy. Razor irritation near the pubic area may even seem cheaper-looking than hair to still others. You obviously can't please everyone, so you must base your decision on how you *feel.*



"Jump suit my ass! Admit it, Harry . . . You're a pervert."

If you decide to continue shaving, however, you may be able to eliminate—or at least reduce—the irritation by using a lotion or cream (baby lotion is perfect) rather than shaving cream or soap. Always use a safety razor with a new *blade for the fastest and closest shave. It will reduce the number of strokes required for a clean shave, and hence less irritation.*

Depilatory creams are not recommended for use in the pubic area because they contain harsh chemicals that can cause burning if they come in contact with the sensitive area inside the vaginal lips. If, however, you insist on using such creams, it is advisable to protect the tender areas with a thick coat of cold cream before applying the hair remover.

Rest assured that regardless of the direction you choose to take, you will not be alone. There are just as many women letting it all hang out as there are shaving it.

What is wrong with a man who can only get a hard-on by being in bed with a pretty lady? No amount of X-rated movies or sexy pictures will get it up for me, not even the beautiful girls in HUSTLER. Is there something wrong with me? It may sound like a silly question but I'm serious.

C. C.
Prescott, Arizona

There's nothing wrong with you. No two persons are alike, and everyone reacts differently to different types of stimulation. As long as your cock still reacts properly to what you enjoy most—a pretty lady—you have nothing to worry about.

Is it true that you can have sex with a girl seven days before her period and seven days after without getting her pregnant?

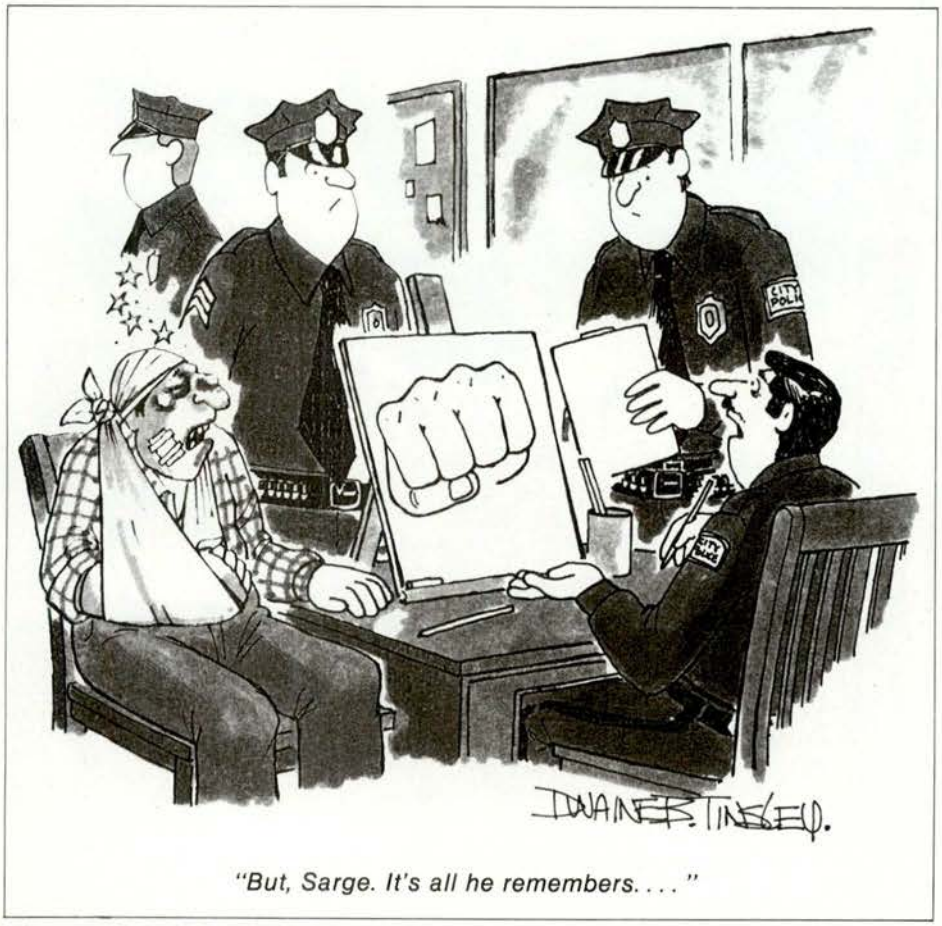
S. B.
Newark, Delaware

No! You are talking about a simplified version of the rhythm method of birth control, which has a high failure rate. Each woman's menstrual and ovulation cycle is different, and "safe" days for a woman must be determined individually, preferably by her gynecologist. Also, more than one ovum can mature during any one cycle. The rhythm method, even when monitored by a physician, is still unreliable because ovulation can occur at any time—and there have even been some cases of a woman becoming pregnant during *her period. Limiting sexual activity to seven days before and after menstruation may decrease the chances of her becoming pregnant, but it's still a gamble—and the odds are against you.*

I'm a tall, thin female, but I have a big stomach. I've been dieting and exercising, but nothing seems to help. I've been doing a hundred sit-ups a day for two months with no significant results. Is there anything I can do about this problem?

T. Y.
Washington Crossing, Pennsylvania

First you should find out if a physical abnormality is causing this protrusion. Torn muscles or a large uterine cyst can cause an unusually large stomach. If there is no physical problem, continue to diet and exercise, concentrating on activities that tighten the abdominal muscles. If when you reach your normal weight the bulge persists despite exercise, then the bulge is probably normal for you and cannot be eliminated. Remember, women's abdominal muscles are more flexible and are not as strong as men's. This allows the female body to accommodate a child during pregnancy. Thus, almost all women have at least a slight abdominal bulge.



"But, Sarge. It's all he remembers. . . ."

I'm a 23-year-old male virgin. When anyone finds this out, they put me down and make a fuss to the point where I feel like two cents. I keep saying I'm not the only one, and that's the only excuse I can think of. How should I deal with people who make fun of me? I want a relationship with a female, but I am shy in a way and don't know how to make the proper approach or pass, or whatever. I really don't want to be a virgin, but until I can change the situation I don't know how to deal with the people who laugh at me.

J. A.
Weirton, West Virginia

Dealing with those who laugh at you is simple: Don't tell them you're a virgin. If someone who already knows brings up the subject, a sly grin on your part can end the conversation by making it clear that you don't intend to pursue the subject. Their imaginations can take over from there. It appears, though, that your real problem lies in being a virgin and not wanting to be one. Protracted virginity is uncommon in our society today and may indicate insecurity or feelings of inadequacy that must be resolved. Shyness is a fairly common problem, especially in adolescence, and is usually outgrown in early adulthood. But if these problems continue to hold you back from sharing a sexual relationship with a member of the opposite sex, a doctor or clinic may help you become more self-confident and secure.

I'm a weird female. I've been going to psychiatrists for years. When I was 9, I began having intercourse with older men and eventually with older women. Then bottles, cucumbers, even legs of chairs. I have an enormous pussy that can take objects up to 20 inches long and 5 inches wide. My labias hang about 3 inches. I can't get satisfied anymore. Last summer I got involved with my uncle's horse. I still love men and want to get involved with them again. What should I do?

S. D. F.
Newton, Massachusetts

You should continue to see your psychiatrist, since your problem seems to involve adjusting emotionally to normal heterosexual activity. The size of a pussy is flexible and will, to a certain extent, adjust to what is inserted in it—be it man or beast. A pussy that is actually stretched too large


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Q. How does it work?
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Q. Why should I take Wilmont Herbal Blend?
A. The peak sexuality age for men is 18 to 20. After that our bodies produce smaller quantities of hormones. Disease, radical surgery, trauma, and the side effects of various drugs can also cause circulatory ills which interfere with normal sexual function. Wilmont Herbal Blend cleans and strengthens the urinary and sexual tracts so well that many customers tell us they achieve bigger, harder, prolonged erections with regular use. Other benefits are a higher energy level and increased sexual vitality.

Q. How long does it take?
A. Herbs, like vitamins, take a little time to work their wonders. Most men start feeling a renewed sexual vigor after 30 to 60 days. Thereafter, continued, regular use of Wilmont Herbal Blend will maintain the higher levels of sexual energy.



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can be surgically corrected. First, though, it will be necessary for the mind to adjust.

I recently went to my gynecologist for my annual checkup and Pap. He said that I have trichomonas. Is it a form of VD? The doctor said no, but some articles I've read say it is.

S. Q.
San Fernando, California

Trichomonas is caused by tiny, one-celled animals that live on the surface of the vaginal membranes. There is a great deal of controversy as to whether or not the malady is venereal at all. In most instances trichomonas is indeed transmitted sexually, but it is also possible to contract the organism in a swimming pool or bathtub. Treatment is usually simple but—as shown in the following case—reinfection can result if special care is not taken.

I have always been a perfectly healthy woman until about seven months ago, when I was diagnosed as having trichomonas or a yeast infection. Since then I have spent more than $200 on medical expenses, all of which have proved worthless. I am really at the end of my rope. In addition to the physical pain my ailment has caused, it has nearly nullified my sex life. How can I get myself back to normal? Does my boyfriend's history of prostate infection have any bearing on my illness? What can I do?

H. S.
Shell Rock, Iowa

First you should find out whether you have trichomonas or a yeast infection, because the treatments for the two maladies are totally different. You didn't mention in your letter whether your boyfriend is receiving treatment. If you do have trichomonas or a yeast infection that men can carry too (and he is not being treated), then that is the crux of your problem.

Although men seldom show any symptoms of trichomonas or yeast infection, they can and do contract the ailments and can infect their sex partners. When a woman is found to have one of these diseases, the doctor usually questions her regarding her sex life and prescribes treatment for both her and her lover. If your doctor has neglected to do so, talk to him about it. Without treatment, your lover will continue to reinfect you.

It is unlikely that your lover's history of prostate infection is causing your problem. But if you have not discussed this possibility with your doctor, it would be a good idea to do so. If your boyfriend's prostate is bothering him, he should be examined too.

If you have been seeing only one doctor and you are not satisfied with his handling of the case, change doctors. Find one with whom you feel comfortable and secure, and with whom you can communicate more easily. Have your present doctor turn your medical records over to the doctor you've chosen. While it's important to find one doctor and stick with him, remember that you *are paying* him *for helping you. If you don't feel you're getting your money's worth, find a doctor who will give you what you pay for.*

I was a virgin when I met my fiance two years ago, and until then I never had any health problems. Soon after we started living together (right after we met), I found out I had a urinary-tract infection. Since then I've had the same kind of infection almost constantly—except for six months, when my fiance was overseas. My infection cleared up shortly after he left, and I had no problems while he was gone. He came back about a month ago, and now I have the infection again. Could he be carrying some kind of disease without knowing it, or am I allergic to something in his body chemistry?

B. W.
Wichita, Kansas

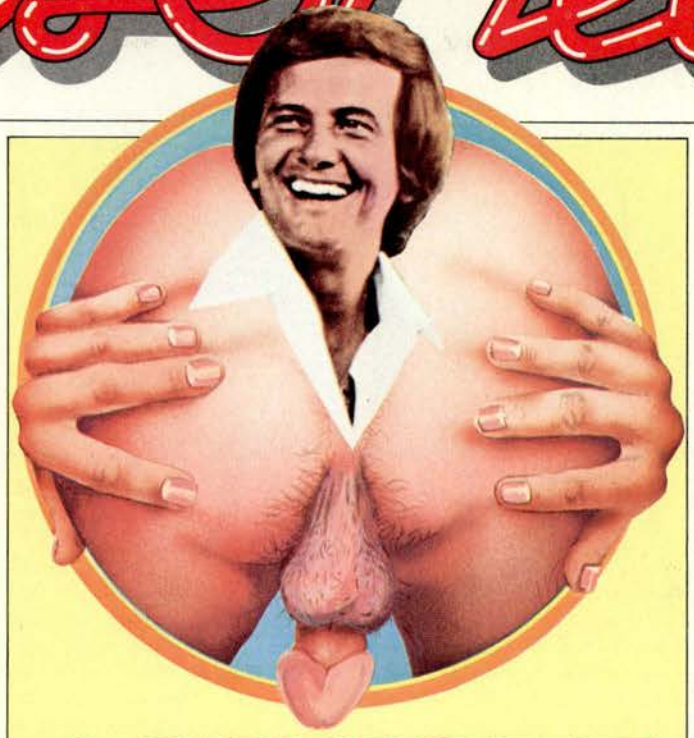
You can quit worrying—you're not allergic to him, nor is he carrying some strange disease. Yours is a common problem and is caused by normal sex. Bacteria could be introduced into your urethra while he's stimulating your clitoris. Also, your bladder, urethra or vulva could become irritated during sex. Some women are more susceptible to such irritation than others because, although they've all got the same parts, women are all put together a little differently. You can decrease your chances of getting these infections by urinating as soon as possible after sex—and also by taking a bath or shower before and after sex. This cuts down the number of bacteria that are just waiting for a chance to sneak into your body and do their dirty work.

First I should tell you that I have never been an exercise or sports freak. My new girlfriend is, though. We're planning to move in together soon, and she insists that I get a bicycle and ride with her at least an hour every day. She rides all the time. She swears that bicycling improves one's sex life, and says she even read something about it once. I'm willing to ride with her if it will make her happy, but I think she's full of shit about its improving one's sex life. Have you ever heard anything like that?

D. F.
Toronto, Ohio

She's right. Although bicycling is not directly related to your sex life, any kind of exercise improves it to a certain extent. Bicycling is one of the best exercises because it achieves the same results with much less effort than, for instance, jogging. Circulation is the key, and even though you're not exerting great effort and may not even be breathing hard, your blood is moving faster all through your body. You are more or less "cleaning out" your bloodstream and are burning off the waste products in your body much faster than usual. If you don't burn off these wastes fast enough, they decrease your body's efficiency and make you sluggish. Bicycling also limbers up your muscles, especially those in your back and legs, so fucking in long stretches is much less tiring. So start pedaling!

Bits & Pieces



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Ever since he used the Arthur Godfrey Show to inflict himself on our consciousness, Pat Boone has been a symbol of American purity. Clean-cut. Wholesome. Chaste. Boring. While Elvis Presley caused American parents to gasp at the openly sexual message of his music, Pat's own apparent asexuality offered them reassurance. Pat clearly possesses old-fashioned American values. He is a good Christian. He is a family man. He is dull . . . Or is he?

In the years since Pat first sang "Tutti Frutti," America has experienced a sexual revolution which appears to have struck at the very heart of Pat's values. To the public at large, chastity and abstinence have become neither desirable nor realistic. And those who persist in preaching sexual avoidance are perceived as either emotionally stunted or barefaced hypocrites. Yet Pat—like a refugee from a land that time forgot—continues to embrace the philosophy of guilt and sexual repression.

In his book, *Between You, Me and the Gatepost*, Pat asks, "Don't you feel a little guilty when somebody catches you looking at one of those fold-out pictures in the 'men's magazines'? . . . Don't you hesitate to mention that you saw 'I Was a Teenage Sexpot' at the movies last night? I *hope* you hesitate, and blush, and feel guilty . . . if so, there's still hope for ya!" Perhaps. But there may not be any hope for Pat. (Especially when birth records show that his first child was born seven months, three weeks after his marriage to Shirley Foley, daughter of country singer Red Foley—leading us to believe that he was in fact forced to marry her.)

Like most spokesmen for continued sexual repression, Pat is in favor of censorship. In the early '60s, Pat aligned himself with Dr. Frederick Schwarz's rabidly right-wing Christian Anti-Communist Crusade. He even went so far as to make an appearance at a Madison Square Garden rally, sponsored by Schwarz, that promoted book burnings and witch-hunts under the guise of anticommunism.

Since communism has fallen out of favor as an excuse for abating the First Amendment, the freakishly wholesome-looking singer has more recently taken up with Charles Keating's porn-hating, Cleveland-based Citizens for Decency Through Law (CDL). Pushing censorship with the same fervor that he uses to hustle acne cream on television, Pat's contribution to the CDL has been generous enough to earn him an honorary membership. Even so, we might not have a quarrel with Pat if his public stance were not so laced with hypocrisy.

Why would Pat Boone (or anyone) want to promote such unhealthy, intellectually crippling views to the youth of America as those espoused in his book and by the CDL? Could it be that he's actually preaching to himself in an attempt to deal with sins he feels he committed when he was the darling of David Lipscomb High School in Nashville, Tennessee? If so, the censorship Pat espouses can be seen as a reflection of his own attempt to block out memories of youthful indiscretion. Or it could denote a fear of having his past exposed.

In his book, Pat says the most important and dramatic problems today "are the moral and ethical emergencies that face us as we start through the teens. These demand more difficult decisions." Who should know better? According to people who knew him as a teenager, some of Pat's own decision making had to do with whether or not to drive downtown to toss bags of shit at the local Krystal hamburger stand.

"I goofed so many times, it's a wonder I'm anybody at all," Pat explains, perhaps in reference to his shit-slinging escapades. Then again, it could be in reference to the time he enlivened chapel service at David Lipscomb High by passing a bag of shit down a row of worshipers. As the story goes, when the bag reached its intended target—sitting at the end of the pew—the victim tossed it out an open window, and the bag splattered on the sidewalk for all to see when services ended. That's not a bad move for a guy who lets words such as *love*, *respect* and *God* roll from his lips like jism from a whore's mouth.

Nor were these the only "moral and ethical emergencies" Boone had to face. How can you tell if you're really in love, Boone asks rhetorically as he comes up with some "tips that may help you through those intoxicating, exciting, but so confusin' first dating days." Talk about confusin', it seems that Shirley was not the only girl in Boone's "intoxicating" teenage life. Friends who knew him back then still talk about his romance with a lithe young mare. We may never know the depth of their passion. But it is said that when the horse saw Boone coming, it would automatically head for the barn, where Boone and his friends would have their way with her. With memories like that, Boone's statement that you have to be "your own censor" takes on new meaning.

We're sure it's no surprise to you that rotten eggs can be found in a show about Snow White or that being a celebrity doesn't give a person the right to dictate morality or anything else. Not that we necessarily think that Boone's youthful horsing around was all that bad. It just busts our gut that the man held up as the stereotype of everything that's virtuous and right couldn't shit his way out of a paper bag.

So Boone may not be as lily-white as we once thought. But one thing hasn't changed: He's still boring.

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UPDATE



BARRY REID August, 1977

False identification, a tricky endeavor which we presented in our *Profile* of Barry Reid, is the subject of several bills pending in Congress at this writing. (Reid is the publisher of numerous books concerning the procurement and use of false IDs.)

The legislation, if passed, would make it illegal to use false information to gain passports, Social Security cards and other types of federal ID. It would also stem the flow of false-ID material, since the use of the mail or other interstate facilities to send false information to state and local agencies to obtain false driver's licenses or birth certificates would also be against the law.

Much of the legislation is based on the Federal Advisory Committee on False Identification's report, also discussed in the Reid *Profile*.



DRUG RUNNERS April, 1977

HUSTLER's article "The New Pirates: Drug Runners" appears to have caused the proverbial rippling-water effect in the media—seeing that within two months after the article was published, similar stories were covered on CBS-TV's feature news program—*60 Minutes*—and in the *New York Times Sunday Magazine*.



WILLIAM LOEB March, 1977

William Loeb, the subject of a HUSTLER *Profile* last spring, has filed a $10 million libel suit against us because of the article.

Loeb, the New Hampshire newspaperman, contends that HUSTLER published false and derogatory statements concerning him—standard charges in any libel action.



TWO-FACED LOVER

We feel sorry for HUSTLER's Managing Editor Jim Heinisch, since on those rare occasions when he convinces a chick to go home with him, his whole world turns upside down. Jim has stopped being embarrassed about girls dropping to their knees to French kiss him in the hall, but he's still a little shy about sitting on a girl's face when all he wants to do is fuck her, or about squatting on a lady's chest just to lick her boobs. And when he hasn't been laid in a while, he has difficulty explaining the stiff stains on his pillowcase. Jim's predicament does have an advantage, however, since he can give head to two chicks at once, although so far he's only tried it out on a neighbor lady and her wheelchair.

We guess as long as Jim doesn't get caught under the mistletoe with his grandmother, he'll be all right.

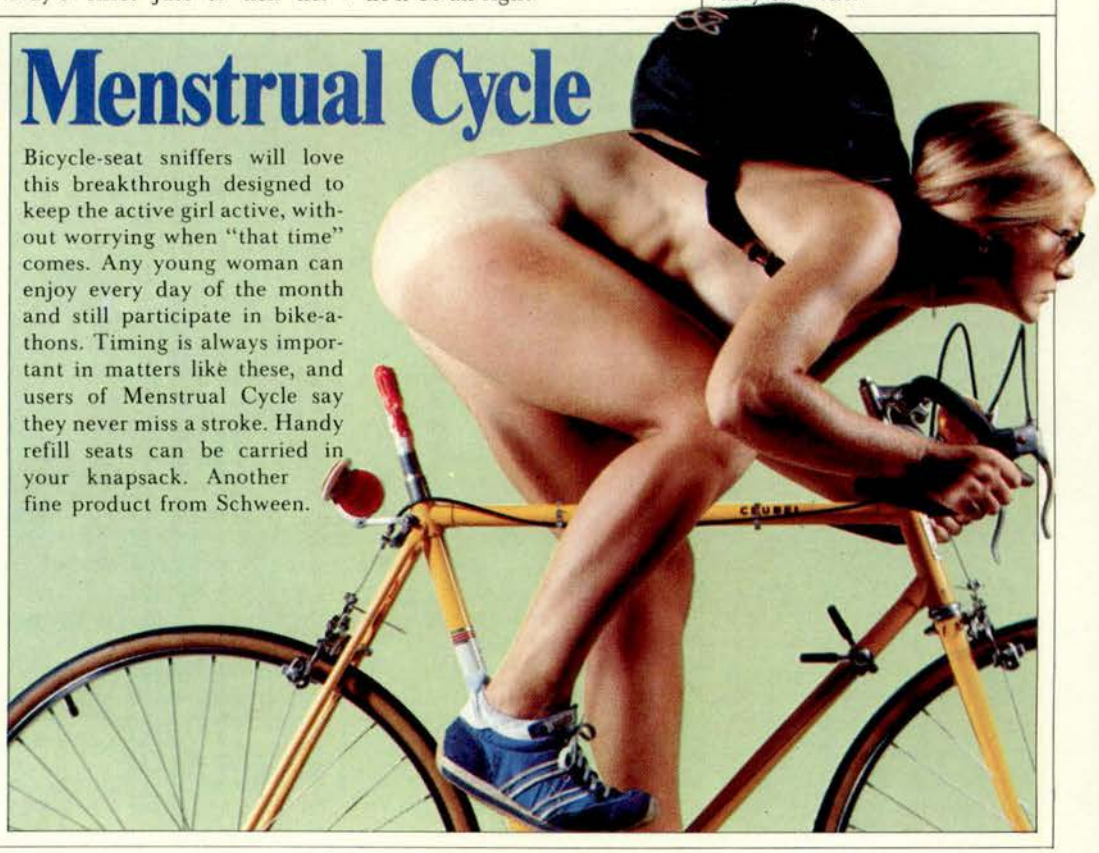
BARBARA WALTERS AT HOME?



We confronted HUSTLER's Executive Editor Bruce David with the rumor that this is a picture of his secret girlfriend, but he just lowered his eyes and took an extra-long drag on his cigarette. Althea only licked her lips and sent us away. And the rest of the staff gave us identities ranging from a Columbus call girl to actor Broderick Crawford in the nude. All this goes to show that people wouldn't recognize a Bigfoot if they saw one.

Menstrual Cycle

Bicycle-seat sniffers will love this breakthrough designed to keep the active girl active, without worrying when "that time" comes. Any young woman can enjoy every day of the month and still participate in bike-a-thons. Timing is always important in matters like these, and users of Menstrual Cycle say they never miss a stroke. Handy refill seats can be carried in your knapsack. Another fine product from Schween.



DUMPING ON FARRAH

We have proof that Al Goldstein is queer. He's running poems in *Screw* magazine now—and about Farrah Fawcett-Majors, of all people. *Screw*'s staff says the poem is by a guy named Jack Mieoff, but everyone in the business knows that's Al's favorite pseudonym. Fortunately, Gary Smith's illustration makes this centerfold from *Screw*'s issue #436 worthwhile. We wonder how Gary learned that Farrah has a hairless pie. He probably just guessed that Majors doesn't like to pick Farrah's pubes from between his teeth.

WHEN FARRAH TAKES A SHIT

POEM BY JACK MIEOFF
ILLUSTRATION BY GARY SMITH

When Farrah takes a healthy shit
Do odors foul the air?
The kind that you and I expel,
That rot our underwear?
Or does it hint of frankincense
And other fragrance rare?
I wonder.

When Farrah takes a healthy shit
Do rectal muscles strain?
To pass a turd of Titan size,
Do hemorrhoids cause her pain?
Has constipation ever turned
Her bowels to links of chain?
I wonder.

When Farrah drops her lacy briefs
And nestles down her butt,
Does Farrah scan graffitied walls
And leer at shithouse smut?
Are Farrah's feces tapered so
Her asshole won't slam shut?
I wonder.

Does diarrhea ever strike?
Do tacos give her gas?
Do zits adorn her leeward side
And mar this gorgeous lass?
Does Farrah cringe when coarse butt-wipe
Rakes clean her puckered ass?
I wonder.

When Farrah takes a healthy shit
Do angels on high praise
Their frosted, earthbound protege
For donning human ways?
Or do they gag and flap their wings
To clear away the haze?
I wonder.

When Farrah—oh, so beautiful—
Must harken to the call
That nature makes to each of us,
The mighty and the small;
I wish I were the toilet seat
Behind that hallowed stall—
Or do I?





SNAKE OF THE YEAR

Will 1978 be a long year? The publishers of *Blueboy* magazine think so, judging from this wall-poster calendar they're offering for $5 from 185 N.E. 166 Street, Miami, Florida 33162. *Blueboy*, the high-impact faggot journal reviewed in our February 1977 issue's *Bits & Pieces*, says this is not only their first calendar, but it may be the last "since it's a hard act to follow."

Funny guys, huh? They also point out that people who purchase the one-by-three foot calendar will be getting two inches of cock a month for only 22 cents an inch. We'd rather be *giving* two inches a month.. But if you want to have a well-hung poster, order this one and have a gay old time.



BUTTON YOUR LIP

Did you ever know anyone so ugly you had to tie pork chops around his neck to get dogs to play with him? Or every time you put his picture in your wallet, the dollar was devalued? James Dixon of Toronto is a flight above anyone you've ever met who looked like he had a hot metal disc pressed on his face. Actually, James is practicing the age-old pastime called girning. Scots, wishing to prove they were as tightfaced as they were tightfisted, stood for hours staring into ponds—contorting their faces until every self-respecting trout in the area had migrated to England. Each year rubber-faced people from all over the world compete to see who is best at making pregnant women give birth to scrunch-faced children. But James doesn't get bent out of shape merely for competition. As an inmate in a Canadian federal pen, he'd probably prefer to put his talent to use blackmailing guards with trumped-up brutality charges. With his face, James knows he can sure make them stick.

SEOUL FOOD



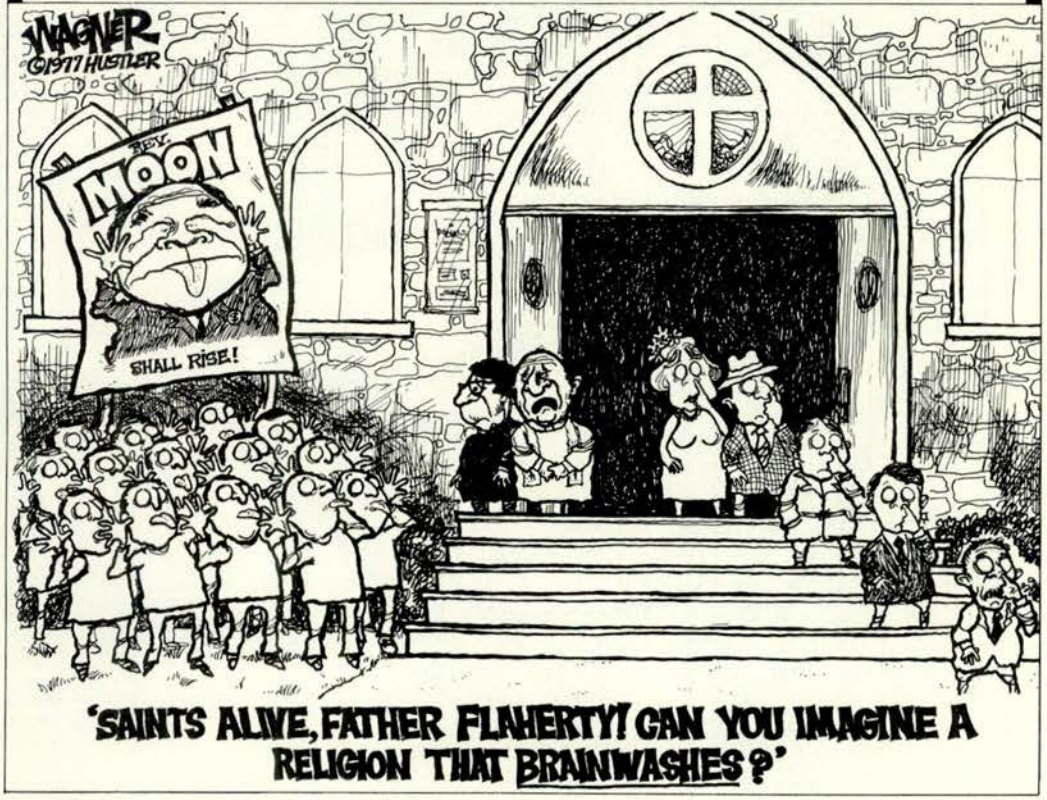
It's really a shame how people in some foreign countries have to eat dog meat in order to survive. A reader snapped this photo in Seoul (South Korea's capital) to demonstrate how starvation and poverty lead people to butcher the cuddly animals in the streets. And they don't just gut and eat man's best friend in fits of starvation—they also buy and sell the creatures in the open market, as seen here. We feel this photo also demonstrates how lucky we in America are to be able to keep dogs as dependable, friendly pets rather than as food. But then again, Koreans probably don't have to worry about stepping in dog shit wherever they walk.

Following a Pattern



Modest group, isn't it? They probably won't be so self-conscious during the tattoo beauty contest at the Third World Convention of Tattoo Artists and Fans (January 28-29, 1978) in St. Paul, Minnesota. The convention, sponsored by the North American Tattoo Club, is expected to draw 200 artists, as well as amateur and professional photographers who may or may not have their eyes riveted on the intricate skin art on display. If you'd like to see art that walks around, you can get more information from the club at 3127 Nicollet Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55408. If you'd like to find out more about the three female-decorator models shown here, you'll have to wait until they move their hands. And then you'll also find out which one is hiding the M&M.

DRAWING FIRE by Pete Wagner





SLAVE-ON CALLING

Every housewife knows she shouldn't open the door for a strange man. But sometimes she might figure it's just the milkman stopping by with a quart of milk and an eight-inch container of hot cream. Beware! This midwestern homemaker was caught off guard when the man from Slave-On stopped by to offer her a sampling of his wares. He believes in the products—he uses them too, the housewife told us. She turned him away but now regrets her decision. "When I slammed the door on his foot I think I put a run in his stocking."



OVER-BLOWN IMAGE

One of our favorite people here at HUSTLER is Ollie Brooke, Larry's administrative aide. The mild-mannered, jovial man is the only staff member who doesn't wince when Larry asks him to make a peanut butter, raisin, baloney, walnut and mayonnaise sandwich, toasted on one side only. (He's also the only one on the staff who won't make it back without eating half the sandwich first.)

We thought Ollie had been living in bachelor pads recently, but now we find out he's been secretly married to his childhood sweetheart, Bubbles, who confirmed our notions about this gentle, quiet man. "He wouldn't swat a fly," she told us. "But he farts at them all the time." She also explained why their marriage has remained a secret. "It's not easy for a guy like Ollie to get laid, and I didn't want to fuck up his chances in case some horny blind girl had something against married men."

Why has the marriage suddenly gone public? "I finally gave in and let him sleep with me, but not on top," Bubbles confided.

Rock on, Ollie!

WHICH CAME FIRST?



For some women, gulping down a load of jizz is as easy as signing a charge card. But for the beginner it can sometimes be a sticky situation.

Michael Toohey, our *Sex Play* editor, said this photo demonstrates the best way for a chick to get the hang of swallowing cum. Once she gets used to the egg, the other will come naturally. However, Toohey warns that an unfortunate side effect of the practice is that a chick could develop an uncontrollable urge to jog, beat up sides of beef, or enter the ring with a Negro boxer.

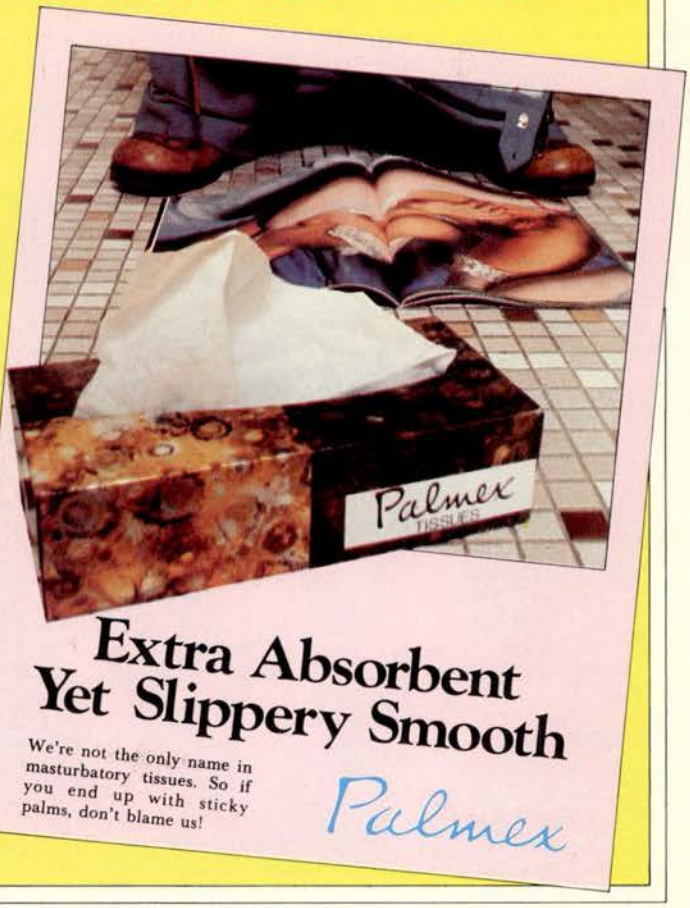
By the way, Toohey also has some great tips on self-flagellation, race horses and the stock market.



SWAMP FOX

Everyone knows the old adage, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," but few realize the same maxim also applies to cunts. The fact is that if a female doesn't allow for a certain amount of deep-trolling between her legs, that spot becomes a nesting ground for old carp. This photo serves as a warning from nature to women who lead stagnant sex lives.

ADS WE'D LIKE TO SEE #4





BEAVER LOVING

At first we weren't sure just what the reader who sent in this artwork was trying to tell us. We finally concluded that he was dramatizing the fact that as the rectum of the *Playboy* publishing empire swells with the hemorrhoids of dull writing and airbrushed models, HUSTLER steadily pushes further into the position of the number one men's magazine in the world. Our circulation will soon spurt higher than *Playboy*'s, and that event will be a shot heard round the world.

ERECTION SET

With women's equality, it has become a status symbol for women to hold jobs traditionally held by men. The day might soon come when attractive men walking by construction sites will be whistled at, ogled, even propositioned by Hard Hatties. Until then, young ladies have a lot to learn, and where can they learn more about life than from products offered by toy companies. This erection set is one of many "learning can be fun" items designed for forward-thinking girls who want to establish themselves in a man's world. If a chick learns how to handle these items, she'll have a sure grip on her future.

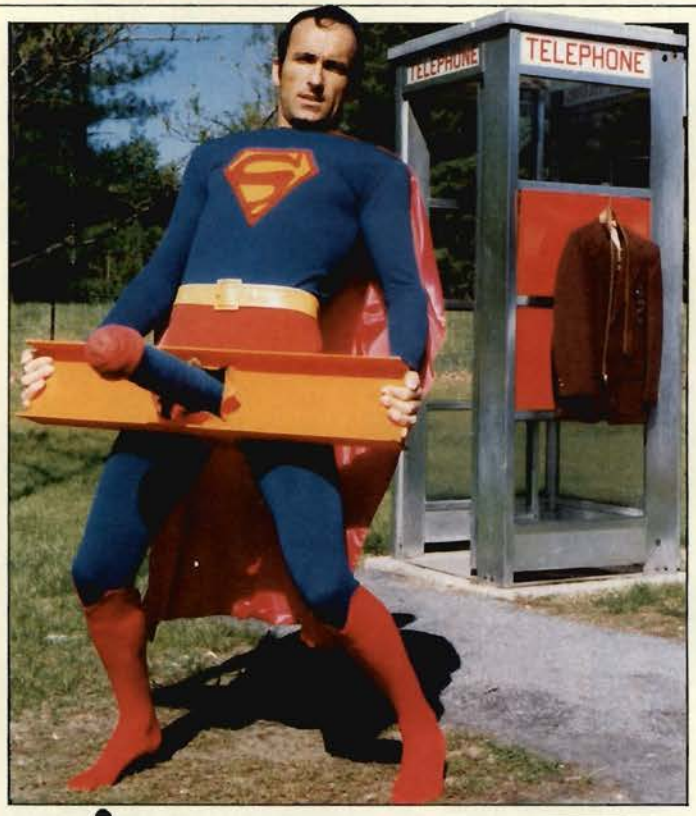


THE RABBIT TEST

In the field of magic there is one person for whom all other magicians will step aside. Only this individual has been able to garner the highest praise and respect from conjurers. Capable of almost unbelievable feats of magic, this shining star of the stage is considered tops in the field. No, it's not Merkin the Magician. It's his assistant. Who else could do a half-hour show with a rabbit tucked in her cunt and a plastic smile on her face?

But don't tell anybody about this. Merkin would rather keep it under his hat.





IT'LL NEVER FLY

Look no further to discover why Lois Lane was always smiling. Still we're not sure whether she was smiling because her favorite flying friend could probe the deepest, tightest pussy with a single thrust or because she used kryptonite douche. But we do know why Jimmy Olson always had a smile on his face. He *didn't* douche.

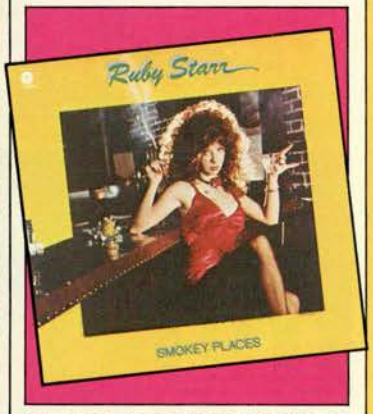
STARR QUALITY

If Janis Joplin were alive today, she'd probably overdose from envy because of the stiff competition she'd be getting from Ruby Starr, the hottest *and* sexiest white female vocalist around. Red-haired Ruby—who was formerly a singer with the rock group Black Oak Arkansas—gives every indication on her album *Smokey Places* (Capitol Records) that she'll become America's cockthrob songstress of the '70s.

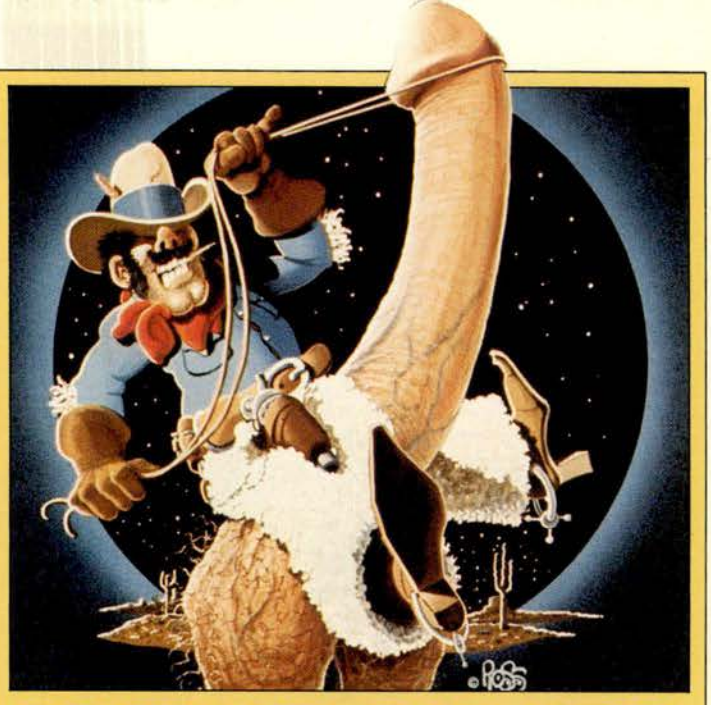


Ruby doesn't mind admitting that she'd have been a hooker if she hadn't become a singer. And her stage presence—as this photo displays—proclaims that admission honestly. Add to that lyrics such as "You love with your body/I love with my soul/But you know you can take me/Anyway you want to go" (from her "Just a Little" track on *Smokey Places*) and you realize Ruby has no doubts about her sexuality.

If the front and back covers of Ruby's album don't convince you she completely lacks any blushing modesty, this photo taken by Richard Kwasniewski at a concert last year should give you an additional glimpse into Ruby's sexy personality.



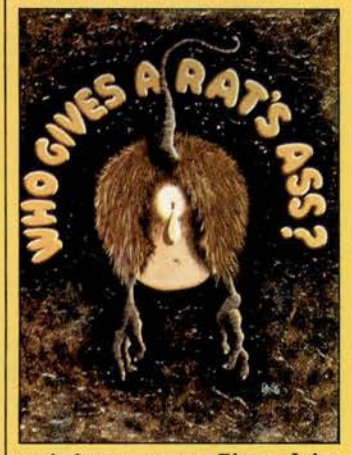
So the memory of Janis Joplin as young America's singing sex queen may be dimmed a bit. Ruby Starr is hot on Janis's tracks, leaving behind a smoke trail laced with genital odors.



GIDDY UP, RAT NOW

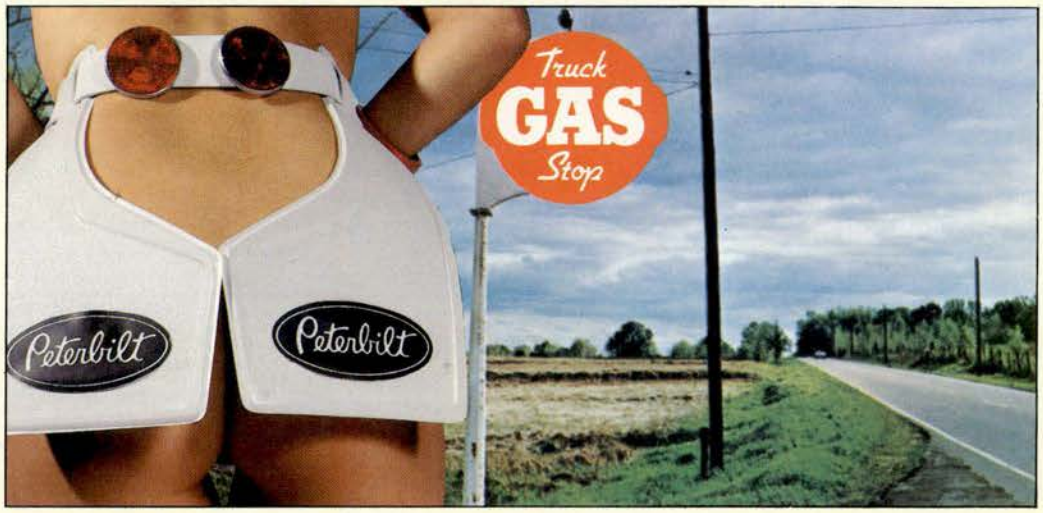
Scott Ross is the kind of artist whose work gives off good vibes—no doubt a reflection of his own loose character. Or maybe it's because Scott pays attention to detail, capturing fine lines equally as well as he presents the total product. "I just want to entertain people. I'd rather have my work on a T-shirt or beer mug than hanging in an art gallery."

Ross (of 2771 Edenwood, Clearwater, Florida 33519) isn't always painting his version of a Midnight Cowboy riding a spirited stud. He's designed posters for the Tampa Bay Rowdies professional soccer team and the Tampa Bay Buccaneers pro football team, and in the future you should expect to see more of his work in HUSTLER. Between now and then you'll probably find Scott spending five or six days in his studio—going without sleep, keeping his family locked out, and listening to Elton John until some crazy image pops into his head. It's a weird way to work. But like he says, "Who gives a rat's ass?"



DIRT ROAD

Did you ever wonder why chicks never have shit stains in their panties? Since society demands that females be clean and neat, they've taken precautionary measures that border on the ridiculous. This chick isn't going to splatter mud on anything but her heavy-duty flaps. Despite the foreboding appearance of this set of spray protectors, we'd still like to take a little trip up her chocolate highway. If she wears something like this, it's a sure bet she wouldn't mind a few greased joints or a set of pistons.





PUTTING ON THE DOG

Animals, which by nature roam freely and choose their mates at will, don't usually get stuck on one another. But this relationship looks like it's going to be a life-long arrangement. Not unlike some human marriages. Of course, just as in human relationships, these two lovers face the constant threat of another's coming along and trying to split up the happy pair. Only a beast would do that, and if so he would probably only be interested in getting a little piece on the side.

Getting Her Goat

Today the Satyrs of Greek mythology have a bad reputation, simply because the old goat-legged lechers enjoyed satisfying their third, hairless legs. But who can blame them? As this work by Boulder, Colorado, erotic artist John Adams indicates, you'd get horny too if tiny woodland nymphs kept mistaking your crank for a stool. And women's libbers who consider the Satyr a symbol of male chauvinism should definitely take a second look. This one *is* letting her get on top.



MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



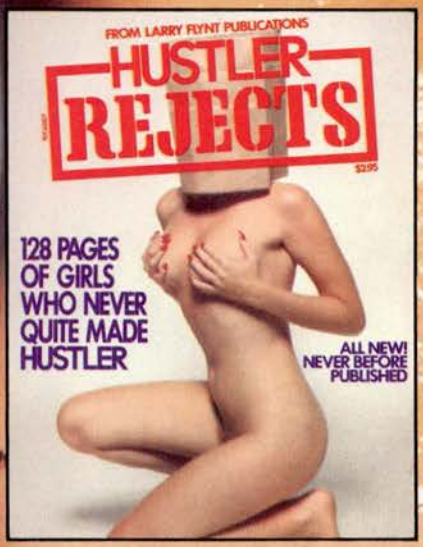
"Gotcha!!"



No, this isn't a long-suppressed NASA photo of a UFO. Nor is it photographic proof that the ozone layer is being destroyed by women with foul-smelling pussies who fly around on oversized dildoes. This is the newest product from Schlong Masters, Inc. (who brought you penis-shaped chewing gum). Called the *Ramrod*, it's a new aircraft that will be as cheap to own as a Lincoln Continental. *Ramrod* will be available in Caucasian, black and Filipino skin tones. The *Scrotum*, an accessory for carrying groceries or kids, is optional.

HUSTLER pays $100 for interesting visual items and stories for Bits & Pieces. *We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but will return original art on request. Submissions should include a stamped, self-addressed envelope. November's $100 readers are Jerry Aibel, Marcia Greenfield, Bill Rosik, R. Sanchez and Bob Sinnamon.*

ALL NEW FROM HUSTLER



HUSTLER Rejects

There's no need to suspect when you buy *HUSTLER Rejects* that you're settling for sloppy seconds. Larry Flynt felt that with all the outstanding girl features he gives you each month, it would only be fair that we open our photo files and show you what it takes for a girl set to be rejected by HUSTLER. *HUSTLER Rejects* contains 128 pages of women who fell to the fate of the ax.
#6415 $2.95



The HUSTLER Pink Calendar

Larry Flynt has spared no expense in publishing *HUSTLER's 1978 Pink Calendar.* Produced in Europe and made from the highest-quality paper, it is the most erotic and lavishly designed calendar ever published. The 11" x 13" photos of the pink ladies are so hot that you can't help but stroke when you open it up.
#6129 $4.95



The Adventures of Honey Hooker

The Adventures of Honey Hooker is an anthology of HUSTLER's very own resident harpy. This 112-page full-color collection proves that our Honey has quite a few tricks up her sleeve. Included in this package is a never-before-published episode. Honey's explicit escapades make those two bimboes, Wicked Wanda and Annie Fanny, look like stand-ins for an Ann Blyth Twinkie commercial.
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X-RATED REVIEWS

MOVIES

Edited by Larry Wichman

Cinderella 2000

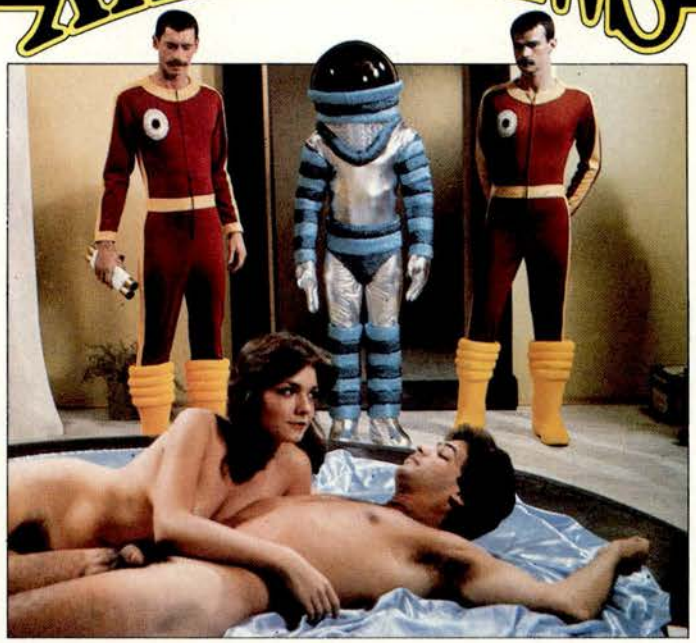
Will there still be sex in the 21st century?

This is a valid question for an erotic film to explore, especially in light of the recent repressive legal decisions against gays and other groups seeking sexual freedom. But the cause of personal rights rarely gets a fair shake in *Cinderella 2000,* a soft-core, sci-fi musical satire. *2000* takes a questionable approach to the problems of governmental and community sexual oppression by placing a lighthearted version of the Cinderella fairy tale into the deadly world of 2047. There all sex-related materials *and* sexual acts (except by a chosen few) have been outlawed by the Big Brother government.

Unlike sophisticated satires that draw biting parallels between the world on the screen and the world as it exists, *2000* glosses over real issues and misrepresents the serious nature of the problem. For example: The fascist-like ruler of this time period, the Controller (Erwin Fuller), is portrayed as a silly clown instead of a villainous dictator; the populace, for whom the joys of sex are as much a mystery as the particulars of the act, is not treated sympathetically; and the only kind of "political" statement the movie attempts to make is "We all need love."

Most outrageous of all, however, is the fairy tale-like solution offered. Cindy, played by Catharine Erhardt (a.k.a. Catharine Burgess from *Through the Looking Glass*), has a dream come true when she seduces her "Prince Charming," Tom Prince (Vaughn Armstrong), at a government ball with the aid of her fairy godfather (Jay Larson). Realizing suddenly that sex is good, Tom, who incidentally happens to be the Controller's right-hand man, convinces the ruler to allow the populace to have sex. Thus, thanks to the downtrodden miss and her fairy godfather, everyone in 2047 lives happily ever after. Unfortunately, the very real prison sentences faced by First Amendment defenders like Larry Flynt and Al Goldstein in 1977 cannot be set aside with the wave of a magic wand.

The makers of this film don't have to worry about going to jail, though, since even Russ Meyer makes a more graphic film. *Cinderella 2000* is all tits 'n' ass—no explicit sex and no split beavers. Even the technical aspects of the film are mediocre: the soft-rock sound track is poor, the lyrics and dialog are weak, and the costumes and set designs barely give the impression of the future. In truth, the only person in the theater, besides me, who sat through the entire show was an Orthodox Jew trying to get his money's worth.





Only a chosen few enjoy sex in the world of Cinderella 2000.

HUSTLER's reviews of porno films and sex books will keep you up to date on the latest from the erotic film and publishing industries. Our hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make certain that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

Erection
If this one doesn't get it up, you are probably dead because it is almost a constant turn-on.

Three-Quarters Erect
Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. However, it can still be beat.

Half Erect
Slightly worthwhile. Probably get it up on your own.

One-Quarter Erect
Might get it up if you used a crane.

Totally Limp
Couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

Underage

Underage is the kind of fuck film that may frustrate you but at the same time will keep you on the edge of your seat. The amateurish acting and slow-moving plot may have you constantly ready to walk out, while the well-photographed sexual footage will keep you hesitating to the end.

Marlene Willoughby, Paula Morton, Cheri Baines and Justine Fletcher are adult actresses unconvincingly portraying horny high-school seniors who are on the staff of a Madison Avenue ad agency as part of a work-study program. In between forced sexual en-

counters with their guidance counselor (Wade Nichols), who holds a college scholarship over each girl's head, the teens learn the ins and outs of the ad biz. They learn so well, in fact, that when the agency's head model jeopardizes the ad company's most lucrative account, the girls have enough savvy to seduce the client back into the fold.

The plot of this low-budget, three-day wonder contains a few humorous episodes, such as when Willoughby gives the guidance counselor a blow job while playing the piano—a scene that works because she actually plays the old 88s. However, the scripted dialogue is quite unnatural and the situations that are set up in the plot are implausible. For example, a recording console blows up because someone shoots a load of cum on it. Neither the dialogue nor the situations help the less seasoned actresses (Morton, Baines and Fletcher) to present convincing roles.

Of course, those who don't care about porn as a form of art will find *Underage* offers all the essentials: pretty girls and wall-to-wall sex, even though there's no real whipping, anal sex or golden showers. However, any of you who demand more from a film should feel free to pass on this one.

The Violation of Claudia

Over the past few months, Sharon Mitchell has become the hottest porn starlet in New York, but rarely are her films as serious in nature as *The Violation of Claudia*—a gentle, almost sensitive, porn flick that grapples with the issue of marital infidelity.

Mitchell stars as Claudia, a wealthy young woman of 26 whose 46-year-old husband (Don Peterson) completely ignores her sexual needs. At the suggestion of her tennis coach (Jamie Gillis), who supplements his income by pimping, Claudia begins to relieve some of her frustrations by turning tricks. She learns quickly that there's more to life than masturbation, but in a surprise ending she also discovers that there's more to her husband's sexual tilt than meets the eye.



From Claudia: *Sharon Mitchell in the title role bellies-up to the desires of a sweet-toothed senator.*

Claudia's adequate script allows Mitchell, Gillis, Peterson and the other featured actors to give their characters depth. Even the eroticism is concentrated into a few good scenes, and except for a rather uninspired, superfluous lesbian encounter between Claudia and a hooker companion (Crystal Sync), the sex helps develop the story.

One example of sex helping plot flow and character development occurs early in the movie during Claudia's first extramarital fling. She picks up a 17-year-old hitchhiker (Victor Hines) and instead of just hopping on the awkward but willing youth, she seduces him with tenderness. It is a scene that establishes Claudia's readiness to go on to bigger and better affairs, while showing at the same time that she's keeping her promiscuity in perspective.

Although fairly sensual, the sexual content of the film is not kinky. Furthermore, the photography succeeds in capturing the erotica without constantly diving in for the usual gynecological close-up, and an unobtrusive but melodic sound track enhances the camera's gentle touch.

Not every sex scene is to be taken seriously, however. In order to give the audience occasional laughs, director Billy Bagg included some very humorous encounters between Claudia and a U.S. Senator who has a penchant for licking cream off naked female bodies. Thus *The Violation of Claudia* has a little of everything. While it is not a great film, it *is* well made and should cash in at the box office.

Overnight Sensations

A pornographic women's rights movie? It may not have been so intended, but *Overnight Sensations*—a sex flick claiming to give you the inside scoop on the porn moviemaking scene—has all the glamour of a Gloria Steinem wet dream.

Sensations is about a filmmaker named John (John Leslie) who gathers together a small group of pornsters (including Annette Haven, Victoria Starr and Joey Cuvera, among others) for the purpose of making an experimental smut movie about sex fantasies. The audience of *Sensations* supposedly gets a behind-the-scenes glimpse of the action, because John leaves his camera running when normally off-camera conflicts arise between the cast members of the experimental flick. In reality, the *Sensations* audience is being set up, since the "spontaneous" emotional confrontations that arise were completely scripted by *Sensations'* writers and would never occur in the real macho world of the sex trade.

John's girlfriend, Suzy (Sharon Thorpe), wanting to explore her own sexual fantasies, demands to fill in for an actress who hasn't shown up. Feeling threatened, John overreacts, leaving himself

open to Suzy's liberationist attack against chauvinist irrationality. John doesn't immediately lay down the law and, instead, allows her to appear on camera. Once she has become a member of the cast, Suzy begins having heterosexual and homosexual affairs. By the end of the film she has fitted John with a dog collar and leash and has whipped him into the submissive state that he has supposedly been craving all along.

Surprisingly enough, the acting in *Sensations* is quite good, despite the terrible script. Although the sex is well photographed, the filmmakers lack the technical skills to handle the complexities of plot structure that a film-within-a-film presents. As a consequence, the story line and eroticism are rather disjointed.

Yet those who enjoy male humiliation will find that *Overnight Sensations* provides an ultimate sense of degradation seldom encountered in porn. *Ms.* would undoubtedly give this film its highest rating.

Punk Rock!

Although he isn't by any means a social historian of the cinema, producer Carter Stevens *does* delight in using sex films to comment upon and poke fun at the way we live. In past films he's used cultural crazes such as CB radio (*C.B. Mamas*) as vehicles to present his caustic erotica. In his latest venture, *Punk Rock!*, he's turned to the dark, pot-filled bars, the groupies and the raunchy pop bands of the increasingly popular punk-rock scene.



In Punk Rock! *Jeanie Sanders goes full tilt for Wade Nichols.*

Rock is the tale of Jimmy Dillinger (Wade Nichols), a macho private dick whose routine search for a teenage runaway (Susaye London) leads him to a Mafia abduction ring selling runaways as sex slaves. The front for this sinister organization is a punk-rock band called "Elda and Stiletto," and as Dillinger slowly gets the goods on the group, he gets fucked, sucked, shaken down and set up more than Matt Helm.

Dillinger's arch-rival, "an old buddy on the force," is Police Inspector Joe Vanny (Richard Bolla), and their relationship serves as a diversionary subplot typical of *Rock*'s sophisticated complexities and wit. During their first encounter, occurring over the corpse of Dillinger's partner, Vanny warns the detective that "I'll book ya faster than you can come" if Dillinger meddles in police affairs. But Dillinger is determined to avenge his partner's death and to get in the last word as well. So he replies, "How do you know how fast I come—have you been talkin' to your wife?"

Such banter between the two rivals takes place regularly throughout the movie and adds humorous interludes to *Rock*'s fast pacing. Except for a long, tedious group grope late in the movie, the scenes that help move the plot along come in rapid-fire succession and do not spend a great deal of time on any particular sex sequence. And that's all for the best, since lead actresses London and Jeanie Sanders—both virtual unknowns—are not terribly pretty starlets and have only average sexual abilities.

However, the acting, dialog, photography and rock sound track are all spirited, allowing *Punk Rock!* to entertain without employing overly long sexual sequences. But if you're a punk-rock devotee, this film may raise your hackles. It only exploits the surface of the craze, just as *The Trip* glossed over the psychedelic scene several years ago. Yet, even though it doesn't quite capture the essence of the punk phenomenon, *Punk Rock!* is a lively sex film.

"Elda and Stiletto" are slick rock 'n' rollers in Punk Rock!



ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic movies that were reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER. These films may currently be showing in your neighborhood.

Erection

Autobiography of a Flea
Desires Within Young Girls
Femmes de Sade
Hard Soap, Hard Soap
In the Realm of the Senses
Jail Bait
Kinky Ladies
Odyssey
Sex Crazy
Sweet Cakes
Through the Looking Glass

Three-Quarters Erect

Bel Ami
Captain Lust
Count the Ways
Eruption
The Keyhole
Portrait of Seduction
The Spirit of Seventy-Sex
Sweet Taste of Honey

Half Erect

Babyface
The Beast
The Devil Inside Her
My SeX-Rated Wife
The Porn Brokers
Reflections
The Sinful Pleasures of Reverend Star
Tonight We Love
Visions

One-Quarter Erect

All Night Long
Candylips
Funk
Kinkorama
Sharon
Sweet Punkin
The Trouble with Young Stuff

Totally Limp

Cherry Hustlers
Let My Puppets Come
Reunion
Snuff

BOOKS

Edited by Mike Sheeter

The Eastern Way of Love

Tantric Sex and Erotic Mysticism
By Kamala Devi
Simon & Schuster
1230 Avenue of the Americas
New York, New York 10020
$12.95

If you really want to learn about all those exotic Eastern sex techniques, get yourself a copy of Sir Richard Burton's translation of *The Kama Sutra of Vatsyayana.* (By the way, this Richard Burton is no relation to the actor.) If, on the other hand, you want to satisfy your curiosity with the most basic book you can find on the subject, *The Eastern Way of Love* may be what you're looking for.

The Eastern Way is a mighty inflated title for this goofy little book, but such is the way of the mystics. Mystics always talk too much. At heart, the book is nothing more than a wordy, garden-variety marriage manual with an Indian accent. Positions like "Viparata Asana" keep turning out to be strictly old news. "Viparata Asana" is our old friend, the female-superior position. Big deal! Then, too, when you go from a paragraph entitled "Upavishta, or Sitting Postures" to one headed "Panty Raid," you can't help but think that someone at Simon & Schuster may be pulling your *lingam.*

Perhaps Kamala Devi, the author, does exist and is serious when she writes sentences like "In short, fellow seekers, holy Yab-Yum is yum-yum." It seems more likely to me that the person responsible for this book is a Hare Krishna-type incarnated as a staffer on, say, *Mechanix Illustrated.* The best bet is that what we have here is the product of three weekends' work in the ol' attic studio.



Eastern Way: *advice with an Indian accent—strictly from hunger.*

While Peter Schaumann's illustrations—which show an impeccably straight couple trying out everything they are told—aren't all that bad, they aren't particularly good or memorable either. But then, neither is *The Eastern Way.*

Sex Forever

The Key to Male Sexual Longevity
By Raphael Cilento, M.D. with Neil Feshman
Playboy Press
747 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10017
$8.95

Sex Forever, by Dr. Raphael Cilento, is the latest entry into the "impotent" sex-advice book boom. Instead of long-lasting hard-ons for its readers, the only thing that this book will probably produce is a lot of money for the author and publisher.

Sex Forever employs the Ann Landers don't-worry-about-your-pee-pee approach to sex advice and is no better or worse than any of the other basic texts on the market. It is highly compartmentalized, like all of its predecessors, having the usual gratuitous chapters on sex myths, impotence, masturbation, sex exercise, etc. The only chapter worth reading concerns the prostate and its effect on sexual performance, although the dull writing style will put most readers to sleep.

Approximately halfway through, however, Cilento's book loses most of its credibility. The Australian-educated doctor spends three chapters debunking the properties of aphrodisiacs—everything from food to narcotics to vitamin E. Cilento states that "the fact remains that until something better comes along, the best and only aphrodisiac is an attractive, attentive, all-together, aphrodisiac *partner.*"

However, three chapters later, in "A Healthy, Sensuous, Sexy Diet," he states, "To maintain sexual energy, a diet high in protein and vitamins A, C and E is best." Next, Dr. Cilento becomes Chef Cilento by giving a week's menu, being careful to point out all those dishes and foods that reportedly have aphrodisiacal qualities. He also presents some of the recipes. It's hard to accept Cilento's credentials of being "a medical consultant in New York City" after this little scam.

You might get a hard-on from *Sex Forever,* but it's the kind you would want to shove up someone's butt to repay him in kind.

God Jokes

The Art of Abdul Mati Klarwein
By Abdul Mati Klarwein
Harmony Books
Division of Crown Publishers, Inc.
One Park Avenue
New York, New York 10016
$4.95

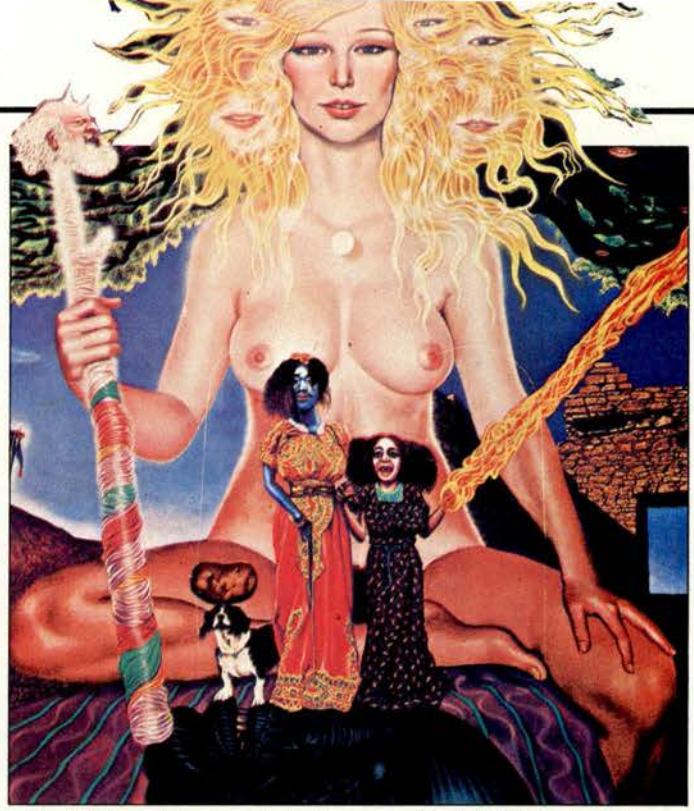
God Jokes won't stand the usual comparison to other books, because there are no other books like it. A manic blend of psychedelic poster art from the '60s and the humor of the clownish Sufi wisemen, *Jokes* isn't just so much a coffee-table book as it is a home electroshock kit.

Klarwein's work—which resembles the creations of another artistic crazy, Salvador Dali—can be better described in terms of experience rather than words. Probably the only way we could show you what Klarwein is about would be to

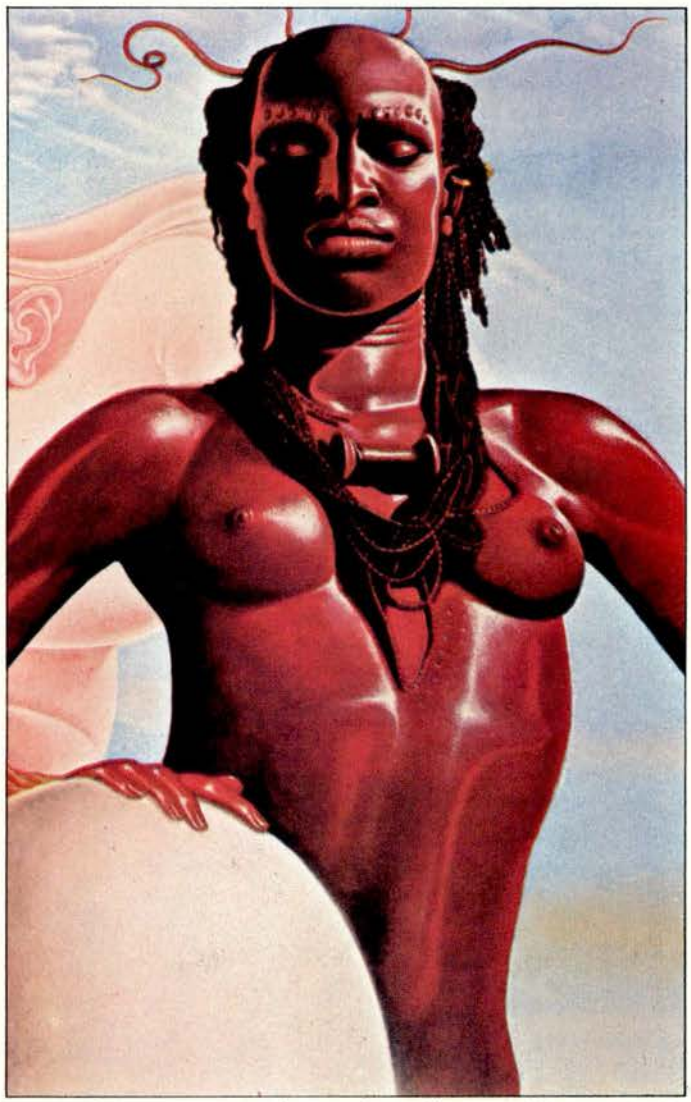
force-feed you a handful of peyote and make you stare at his work. What the effect would be on your mental well-being we cannot say, but then if you'd balk at taking the peyote, then you probably wouldn't care too much for Klarwein's unusual style either.

On the other hand, there are plenty of people who will experience a rush of recognition at their first sight of Klarwein's painting. His unearthly human figures often look like glitter faggots from Oz. Some of them also look like lions, Viking queens and rug merchants. Taken as a group, Klarwein's people suggest the kind of visions we have been led to expect on Judgment Day. Spending time among them is as dangerous and stimulating as getting caught on an elevator with the Three Stooges.

The photo of Klarwein on the back of *God Jokes* bothers me. He is a skinny native of Jerusalem. The photo shows him making faces at the camera and wearing an Indian chief's feathered headdress. Possibly the picture is symbolic of Klarwein's losing battle with craziness. Whatever the outcome of our man's psychic battle, the results should prove interesting to watch. To quote Klarwein himself: "And then it happened! Wham! Bam! On a full December moon I became a saint!! Are you listening???" Shit, I reckon we are.



God Jokes: *the surrealistic dream world of "Julie's Awake"...*



... and the uppity stares of a tantalizing Negress in "You and Me."

The Secret Fire

A New View of Women and Passion
By Rosemarie Santini

Playboy Press
747 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10017
$8.95

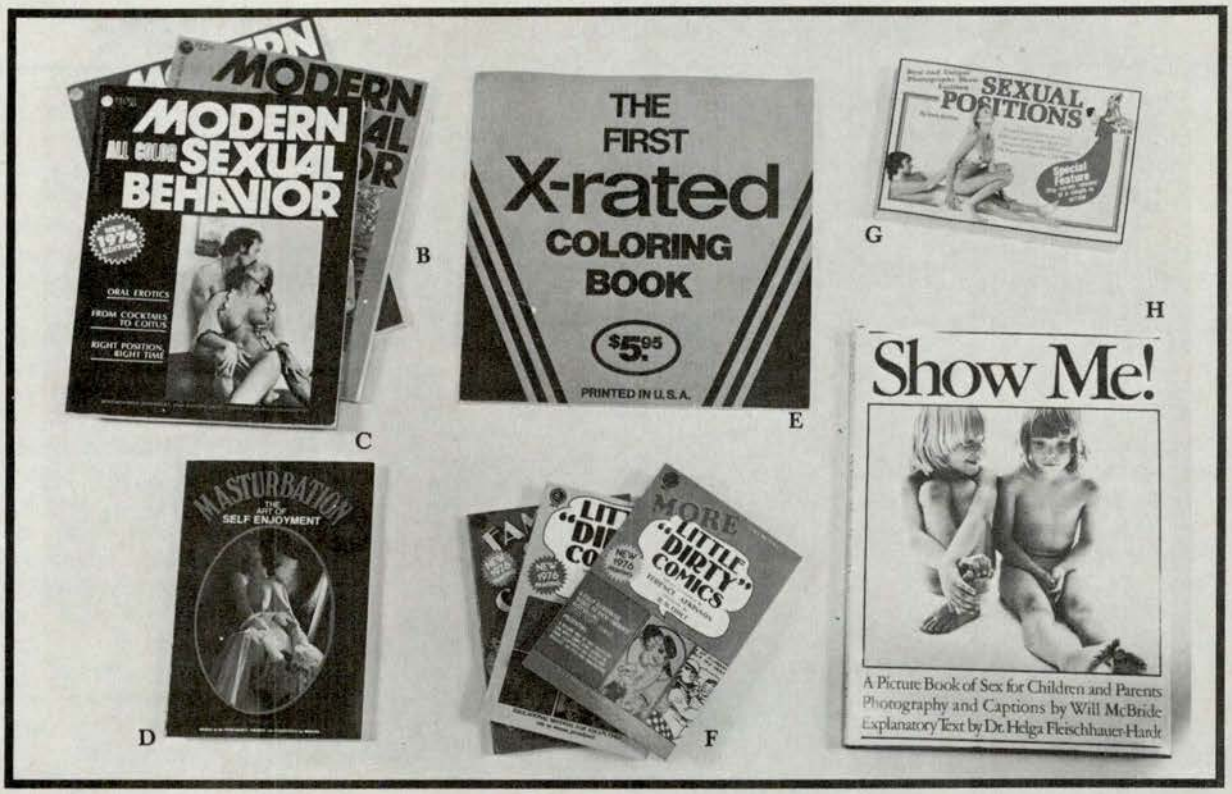
"Oh, God!" wrote a desperate Sigmund Freud near the end of his career. "What does woman want? What does she want?" Freud's question has since become a classic ponderable among taproom straightmen who know that one of the guys can always be relied upon to answer: "She wants a session with the old turkey neck, by God."

When men appraise women's sexual needs as shrewdly as that, we have the makings of low comedy. But when women undertake to answer the same question—what *do* women want?—and come up with essentially the same appraisal, then it is no longer funny. Since serious female responses to this question show that women simply want the same degree of sexual satisfaction that men want, we feel that *The Secret Fire* is the kind of book that will be part of the process by which women will get it.

The Secret Fire serves two purposes. First, it clearly tells women what their sexual alternatives are. Knowing that women have traditionally missed out on the bull-session style of sex education enjoyed by men, Santini, a New York City journalist, set out to provide a sort of sexual forum for women. She uses a series of short interviews to run the gamut of sexual preference, using them as a reference for those who want to catch up on the game.

The second and most intriguing function of *The Secret Fire* is to persuade women to translate their desires into action. And, as we've already established scientifically, there is ample data to show that women flat out *love* the old turkey neck, especially if the owner and operator of the hairy monster in question shows a little know-how and class.

This being true, *The Secret Fire* is a book that should be read by both men and women concerned with good sexual performance. But unlike many of the others that purport to teach sexual techniques, this one actually *does*, in a readable and highly entertaining manner.



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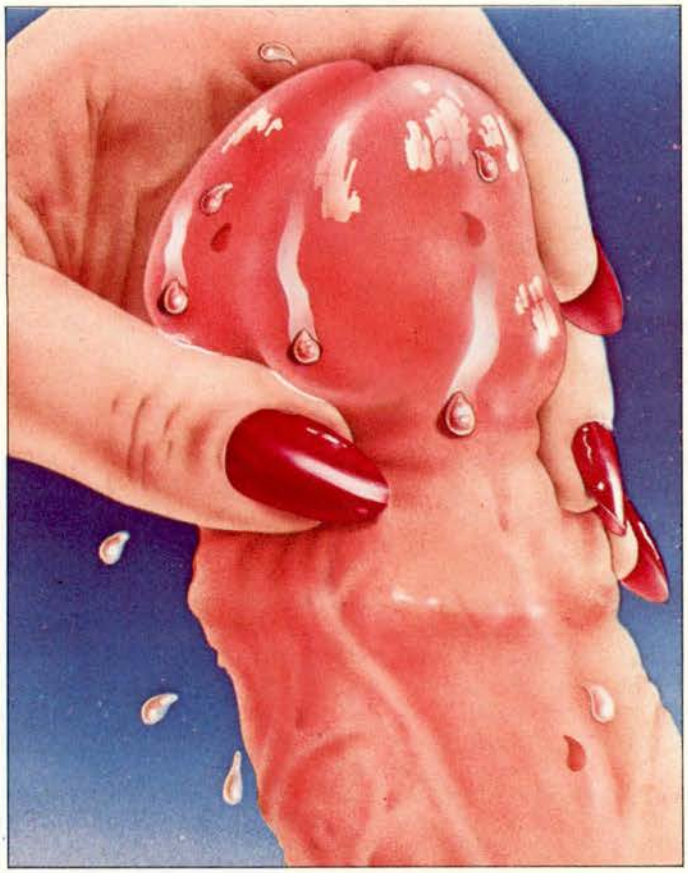
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OVERCOMING Premature Ejaculation

By Chris Cassel

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy for too long. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that repression of natural, healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a better lover.



In the days of the Old West it was to a man's advantage to be quick on the draw. For every notch in the handle of a Colt revolver, there were ten women swooning at the feet of its bearer. But nowadays the term "fast gun" has come to mean something else, something loathsome to men and women alike—premature ejaculation.

Ideally, a man should be able to hold back coming long enough for his partner to achieve satisfaction. And since that length of time varies greatly from woman to woman, it's best for a man to be able to contain himself indefinitely, wherein lies the problem.

Experts define the premature ejaculator as a man who cannot control his climax for more than 30 seconds after entering a woman. (However, this is not to say that a man who can last 45 seconds should think he doesn't have a problem.) By that definition, most males—at some time or other—fall into the ranks of quick-draw artists.

Fortunately, premature ejaculation is one of the easiest sexual dysfunctions to cure. Of the 186 patients treated for the affliction at the Masters and Johnson's Biology Research Foundation, only four failed to learn how to control their ejaculations. And learning how to do it is within the reach of almost every man. But before embarking upon any treatment program, it's necessary to understand some of the causes of premature ejaculation.

In most cases it occurs early in a man's sexual career, when the pleasures of the flesh are relatively new to him and the experience of having his cock inside a cunt is overwhelmingly stimulating. Also there's general agreement among doctors that the better a man's physical condition, the more likely he is to ejaculate prematurely, because his senses are sharper than those of a man who is out of shape. Yet this affliction is not limited to the novice and hardly excludes the pot-bellied middle-ager. If this sexual dysfunction goes untreated, it can plague a man for the rest of his life.

According to researchers, one of the most common causes in cases that carry beyond adolescence is an ingrained training that starts with the first attempt at fucking. Usually that first piece of ass is won in the backseat of a car. Parked on the local Lovers' Lane, the high-school sweethearts are worried about being caught in the act by police, or being surprised by friends. So a great premium is placed on shoving the cock in, coming quickly and pulling out—with zippers and panties restored to their proper positions in a minimum period of time. Along the same line, many young men encounter sex for the first time at the hands (or cunts) of prostitutes, who are in a hurry to get back out on the street and make more money. (Hookers actually prefer men who come quickly.) Sexual training of this sort leads to premature ejaculation becoming a permanent, rather than a temporary, dysfunction. When the situation constantly demands coming quickly, ejaculation is no longer a reflex but a conditioned behavior.

Often a psychological quirk enters the picture. A man will come quickly—before the woman has achieved her own orgasm—to punish her for real or imagined wrongs. In this sense, premature ejaculation is a way of getting even with the woman (or women in general) by promising fulfillment—and then not providing it.

However, this should not be confused with ejaculating prematurely when having sex with a new partner, someone with whom the man is not sexually familiar. Likewise a man whose sexual encounters are few and far between may also blow his wad a few seconds after penetration. Circumstances such as these should by no means warrant labeling the man a premature ejaculator, since there is in fact a difference between occasional and chronic sufferers. The occasional sufferer misfires only once in a while, while the chronic one climaxes immediately after *every* penetration of *any* woman.

Depending upon the extent of the psychological causes, each case of premature ejaculation has to be approached differently. If the problem seems to be a deep-seated psychological block, such as a subconscious hatred of women

Illustration by Jim Williams

brought on by, for instance, a domineering mother, then extensive psychiatric help is required. If, on the other hand, the cause seems to be an early training toward hurrying the act of fucking, simpler methods can be employed.

One factor that must always be dealt with in any case of premature ejaculation is the self-defeating attitude it creates in the sufferer. In societies that consider the man to be vastly superior to the woman, premature ejaculation is far less frequent and sometimes unheard of (if only for the reason that the woman's satisfaction is not considered to be important). But in our enlightened society, in which men share equality with women, the man is expected to perform satisfactorily. In cases where the man worries about his inability to satisfy a woman, his worrying only magnifies the problem. There's truth in the proverb, "A watched pot never boils."

Masters and Johnson's book *Human Sexual Inadequacy* deals with premature ejaculation in detail and outlines treatments directed at a specific goal: by various means, delaying the climax so that the man is reassured that he can indeed control his ejaculation. Once he is shown that maintaining an erection for lengthy periods without climaxing is possible, his confidence will return and he'll find that he can control his ejaculation in practical situations.

One of the most successful methods of controlling ejaculation is the so-called "squeeze technique," which works like this: The woman sits with her back straight and her legs apart, while the man rests on his back with his legs over hers and his penis near her cunt. In this position, the woman manipulates the man's penis until he has a full erection and is near climax. Quickly, she places her thumb on the underside of his penis, near the head, and her two forefingers on the other side, just below the head. Then she squeezes hard for three or four seconds. This will cause him to lose his urge to come; and although the process is not at all painful, he may also lose his erection to some degree. After waiting half a minute or so, the routine is repeated. The session should last for 15 or 20 minutes, and two or three sessions should occur before going on to the next step in the learning process.

When the man is sufficiently confident that he can endure some degree of stimulation without ejaculating, he and his partner should assume the female-superior (woman on top) position, and this time place the penis inside the vagina. Once this is done, the woman should concentrate on keeping him inside her without thrusting, thereby keeping to a minimum the sublime friction that brings on ejaculation. Since it is often the initial act of penetration that creates a strong urge to come, the goal here is to reduce the stimulation long enough to allow the man to become acquainted with the feeling of being inside a cunt. If he feels himself on the verge of climaxing, the penis should be withdrawn and the squeeze technique employed until the urge disappears. Then he should reenter her and repeat the process. While the woman must remain relatively still, the man should move just enough to maintain his erection without encouraging ejaculation.

The premature ejaculator should try to fuck just as much as possible—or at least go ahead and beat off.

A couple trying to overcome premature ejaculation by using the squeeze technique should avoid the male-superior (man on top) position, since this is the most stimulating to the man. Experimentation will tell which positions can be utilized to help reduce sensation until the ability to control climax increases.

Among the more artificial methods of overcoming premature ejaculation is desensitization of the penis. There are on the market a number of creams and sprays designed specifically for numbing the prick. Doctors can prescribe various levels of numbness with a cream consisting of from 1 to 5 percent dibucaine, a surface anesthetic. There are desensitizing creams that are flavored (for tasty blow jobs) and are available in varying strengths. In an emergency, a hasty application of Solarcaine sunburn cream may also do the job.

Although this does not require withdrawing the cock from a warm pussy, there are a number of drawbacks to desensitization: It does not lead to a permanent solution the way the squeeze technique does, and enjoyment will be inhibited because of the lack of feeling in the penis. Keep in mind, though, that the woman's sexual enjoyment can be dulled by contact with the desensitized penis. Like the creams, a rubber can do an effective job of reducing the pleasant friction of sex. But these too can inhibit the woman's enjoyment as well as the man's. Most persons prefer to cope with the problem of premature ejaculation through less mechanical means.

For those men who prefer not to have their prick removed from the pussy, and who don't want to dull the sensation of balling, there is another practical way to initially overcome the problems caused by premature ejaculation as opposed to curing the affliction.

Simply accept the first ejaculation and concentrate on the second time around. The second orgasm is almost always more controllable than the first, as are the third, fourth and so on. Since the premature ejaculation hasn't sapped much energy on the first bang, most men can muster enough strength for a second shot merely by resting for 20 minutes or so. Of course, it's best to learn how to control the first ejaculation. Many women resent a rest period at the peak of their excitement. Indeed, they may lose interest once their sexual activity has been interrupted.

A man may try to maintain his lover's sexual interest by eating her pussy until his hard-on returns, or she can encourage him to rise again with a blow job. The key to waiting for the second climax is not to become discouraged by an early ejaculation on the first attempt.

Since celibacy only increases the desire to climax immediately, it is recommended that the premature ejaculator try to fuck as much as possible. (Who doesn't?) And if that isn't possible, go ahead and beat off.

Finally, the least successful method of delaying ejaculation is perhaps the most widely used. That is, thinking of something else. A book could be written: *Subjects to Consider While Not Climaxing.* The topics might range from mentally replaying a baseball game to balancing a checkbook or thinking about something mildly repulsive.

This method may work for some men, but most often a man can't think about anything but having a warm, wet, writhing female impaled on his cock. Besides, like desensitizing creams, such thinking greatly reduces the pleasure of sex. Your lover may enjoy herself more, but what about you?

Most observers consider the squeeze technique to be vastly superior to any artificial method of overcoming premature ejaculation simply because it provides a permanent solution. It does wonderful things for the ego to be able to enter into any sexual relationship with the knowledge that your partner will come away satisfied—after an extended fuckathon.

In 1977 there's certainly no disgrace in being known as the Slowest Gun in the West.



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MEN'S RIGHTS
TWO BALLS, TWO STRIKES

Article by Jonathan Black

Norman Kopp, a 52-year-old truck driver from upstate New York, is so disgusted with injustice to men and legal outrages prompted by women's liberation that he once planned to renounce his citizenship. "All they do is holler and beller," fumed Kopp at a press conference. "They claim they're discriminated against. Actually, they already have everything they need. It's men who are discriminated against far, far worse than women. Especially in divorce situations." Kopp now heads Deprived and Discriminated Against Males of Central New York.

* * *

In Texas, Donald Beagle, a welding-shop owner, was so incensed at denial of visitation rights to his eight-year-old son that he ended up serving three days in jail. His "crime"—attempting to communicate with the boy. Beagle promptly joined Texas Fathers for Equal Rights (TFER). Formed in 1973, TFER now has nine chapters in Texas and is opening others in surrounding states. "We began strictly for fathers and visitation rights," said Beagle. "Now we have decided to cover all aspects of family life. We want men to be responsible for the children they bring into the world and to take responsibility off society's back."

* * *

In Minnesota, Richard F. Doyle, an air traffic controller and World War II pilot, founded the pioneering Men's Rights Association (MRA), also touted as Male Boosters and Divorce-Racket Busters. "The whole question of men's rights and divorce is one that society would rather sweep under the rug," declared the blustery, outspoken Doyle, author of *The Rape of the Male*. "But silence is not always golden; sometimes it's just plain yellow. So I'm proud of being a male chauvinist. If women's libbers cease calling me 'pig,' I'll gladly return the favor."

Doyle recently helped found MEN (Men's Equality Now) International, Inc., an umbrella men's rights organization with more than 35 member-groups in the U. S. and Canada. MEN is dedicated not only to justice in the area of domestic relations—divorce, alimony, child custody—but also to equal rights for men in criminal law. "Take Claudine Longet," said Doyle, who is MEN's president. "She kills the man she's living with and gets thirty days! To be served at *her convenience*. If the roles had been reversed, you can bet Spider Sabich wouldn't have seen the light of day for a long, long time!"

* * *

All these men and the groups they represent, plus many others nationwide, are waging a tooth-and-claw struggle to reverse the pendulum of justice that has recently swung in the direction of women's lib. The media have eagerly leapt on the angry, vocal outcry of women protesting injustice. But lost in that outcry is the indisputable fact that in many spheres of law, notably domestic relations, men also suffer hardship and brazen inequality.

Take alimony, a major complaint of men's rights groups. A man who has provided the sole or primary support for his wife during marriage should, in all fairness, continue to provide some financial aid lest the good woman be dumped in the poorhouse. But how long should this "debt" continue? And how much should the husband pay? Alimony, after all, has sent more than one *husband* to the poorhouse (and occasionally jail). Unfortunately, alimony often depends on a judge's discretion, and many judges belong to an older generation with a narrow, stylized way of thinking that considers women delicate china-doll creatures that require care, provision and total security from the busy menfolk. It was no doubt this somewhat senile, antediluvian attitude that led one judge to award alimony amounting to 105 percent of a husband's income! In another case the judge demanded $1000 a month from a man who earned only $15,000 a year. Here alimony begins to reek of punishment. One lucky lady was awarded $9 million . . . even though she was already worth $14 million.

Historically, alimony made perfect sense when the marriage "contract" called for the husband to be the provider while the wife took care of the household. But those days are long since past. Increasingly, women now work outside the home and men share household duties. To quote a "liberated" women's magazine, *Redbook:* "With 43 percent of American wives working—most out of economic necessity but many because they want a career—housework is becoming an increasingly shared enterprise."

Commenting on this article, a prominent divorce attorney, Maurice Franks, asked, "If 43 percent of American wives





Illustration by Paul Gulacy

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are working outside the home, why do so many men have to pay support after divorce?"

An excellent question. "Also," continued Franks, "if the women have to work out of economic necessity while married, doesn't that indicate an inadequate income from the husband's job? If such is the case, then how in the world can the man be expected to pay alimony, child support, house payments, and rent a room and buy food for himself, too?"

"Right on!" applaud men's rights activists. And to carry the inequity a step further: Let's suppose the wife, Vicki, made a whopping salary as a department store executive while her husband, Bob, barely eked out a living from a small house-painting business. Household chores were split 50-50. Then the marriage broke up. If anyone owed a marital financial "debt" in this case, it would seem Vicki owed Bob. Yet 12 states make no provision for men to be granted alimony. And in most other states it rarely, *rarely* happens.

To check out some other pitfalls, let's take a typical case. Ralph and Julie Ludlam (fictitious names) were married eight years. No children. Ralph was a New York City architect, Julie a part-time teacher and housewife. They lived in a comfortable house in a respectable and posh suburb. When the marriage flopped, they hired lawyers to draw up separation agreements.

"We'll demand the house outright," crowed Julie's lawyer in a cocky voice. "Half of all jointly held property, the car and, let's see, two thousand a month alimony. Sound about right?"

It sounded a bit outrageous, thought Julie, but she was feeling more punitive than generous and said nothing. But when Ralph got the news he hit the roof: "Two thousand a *month*?" he sputtered. "I don't even *make* that much! And what about Julie's fucking inheritance? She has a quarter-million!"

"Calm down," sighed his lawyer. "Unfortunately, your wife's inheritance isn't part of the jointly held 'marriage' property. It's her own private money. The judge will probably consider that and cut the alimony in half."

"But Julie wouldn't have wanted that much," protested Ralph.

"Maybe not," replied the attorney. "But her lawyer does."

Like most men involved in divorce and separation, Ralph forgot that the marital crisis involved not only himself and his wife but also a crucial third party: the wife's lawyer. The true profiteers in failed marriages are often the divorce attorneys. Divorce, after all, is big business. Forty percent of all new marriages will end in divorce. In 1975 alone there were 1,030,000 divorces in the U.S. and probably double that number of separations. The wife's attorney often takes his fee as a percentage of the settlement. Therefore: The higher the alimony, the fatter the fee. It's no surprise then that a divorce attorney cited in *New York* magazine's 1977 annual salary survey pulled down a handy $358,444.

Even when the husband and wife part amicably, they invariably end up with separate lawyers. In only a few states are attorneys permitted by law or by the bar association to represent both sides in a divorce. Even in those states, lawyers are reluctant to handle both sides for fear of cutting a fellow attorney out of a fee. So it's sometimes the lawyers themselves who encourage the heated, "adversary" atmosphere between an otherwise friendly husband and wife.

Often lawyers encourage the feud between husband and wife. Divorce is big business. High alimony means a fat legal fee.

No wonder MRA's Richard Doyle fumed: "The worst villains are not the feminists but the divorce lawyers . . . who pocket several thousand dollars for every family they wreck. These rascals seem to have no idea they are detested by the rest of society!"

But let's move on to court, where the silver-haired judge listened with a bored look to Ralph Ludlam's pleas of impoverishment.

"Paying all that much will ruin me," moaned Ludlam. "Julie could work. She could switch from part-time to full-time teaching."

"She *could*, but there's no law that says she *has* to," replied the judge, stifling a yawn. He jotted down Julie's part-time income, made some quick calculations, then retired to his chambers. When the judge emerged 20 minutes later, Ralph found himself slapped with a $1000 monthly alimony tab. Julie got the house—since Ralph couldn't afford his half of the mortgage. Julie got the new car—since Ralph couldn't meet the payments. (And besides, how else could Julie get to and from the house?) Now Ralph finds himself confined to a tiny, dark studio apartment with only a hotplate. It's all he can afford. After paying Julie $12,000 a year alimony, his net salary is cut in half—to $11,000.

Worse, Ralph seems compelled to pay the ruinous alimony for *life*, since in New York State it's illegal to set a time limit or settle with a lump-sum payment. Only when Julie remarries is Ralph off the hook. But right now Julie has no intention of remarrying. She's living free and easy with a rich boyfriend, who just moved into the house, and is using the interest from her fat inheritance as spending money. Meanwhile Ralph glowers over his nightly dinner of franks and beans.

The bitterness invariably gets compounded when children enter the picture, because in divorce situations the mother traditionally gets the kids and the father gets the bills. In recent years the mother has been awarded custody in approximately 90 percent of all divorce and separation cases involving children. Dr. Leonard Bachelis, a psychologist and director of the Behavior Therapy Center of New York, stated in the *New York Times* that "the breakup of families has reached such proportions in recent years that the word 'father' is in danger of becoming synonymous with 'visitor.'" And Bachelis warned that "society—including the courts, which almost automatically give full custody to the mother—must find new ways of putting fathers back into their children's lives. Not only for the mental health of the children, but of the fathers as well."

A group of six Texan men couldn't agree more. Although the men were quite capable of raising their children in a healthy, loving environment, the courts awarded custody of the children to the mothers. In a highly unusual legal action joined by Texas Fathers for Equal Rights, they sued the family court judges! "In each case," charged their brief, "a judgment has been issued . . . which denies the father and his children the fundamental constitutionally protected right to a *personal* and *legal* relationship . . . that is equal to the relationship accorded by the court to the mother."

Maybe that sounds like a lot of obscure legal jargon. But the men went on to enumerate aspects of their children's lives whereby the mother exercised total control while they, the fathers, remained totally without rights or authority. Namely: The mother, and only the mother, can decide where the kids can live, and can move at whim; has total control over discipline; control over moral and religious training; control over all food and clothing decisions; control over all decisions regarding schools, health and emergency medical care; control over the kids' estates, earnings and receipt of gifts. The mother—and only the mother—can

(continued on page 52)



"Did you just fart?"



DAPHNE

GRIN AND BARE IT

"Most people are too serious when they make love," says 21-year-old Daphne. "Sex is fun, but most approach it like a funeral service. And that's not for me!"

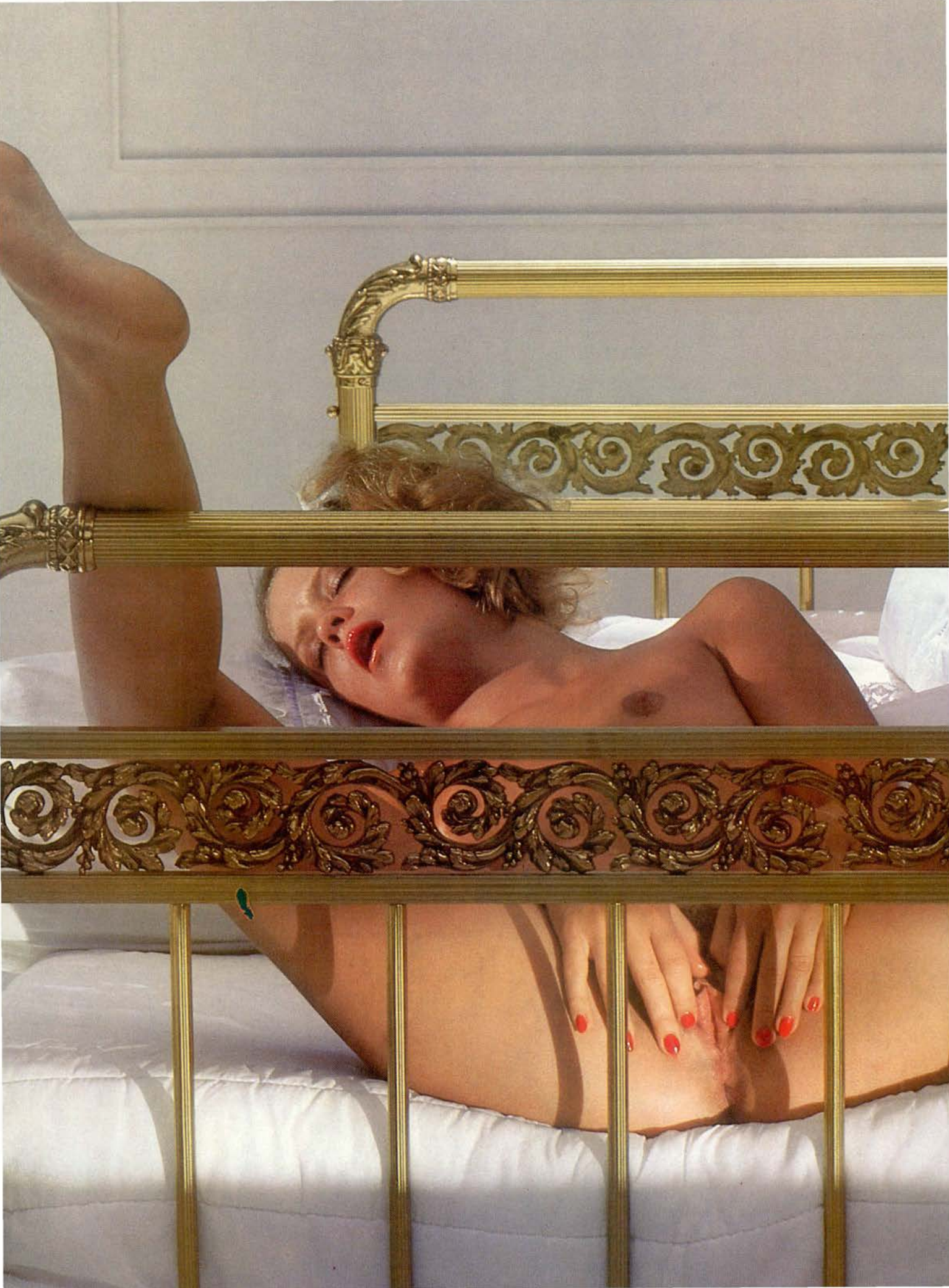
Daphne's not saying she laughs at her man during sex. "When a man is bringing me to orgasm, I go with the good feelings and nearly lose sight of everything around me," she claims. "But when something strikes me as being funny, such as my brass headboard banging the wall during a hot session, I can't help but crack up. I know my downstairs neighbor doesn't mind. And I expect my lover to see the humor in the situation also."

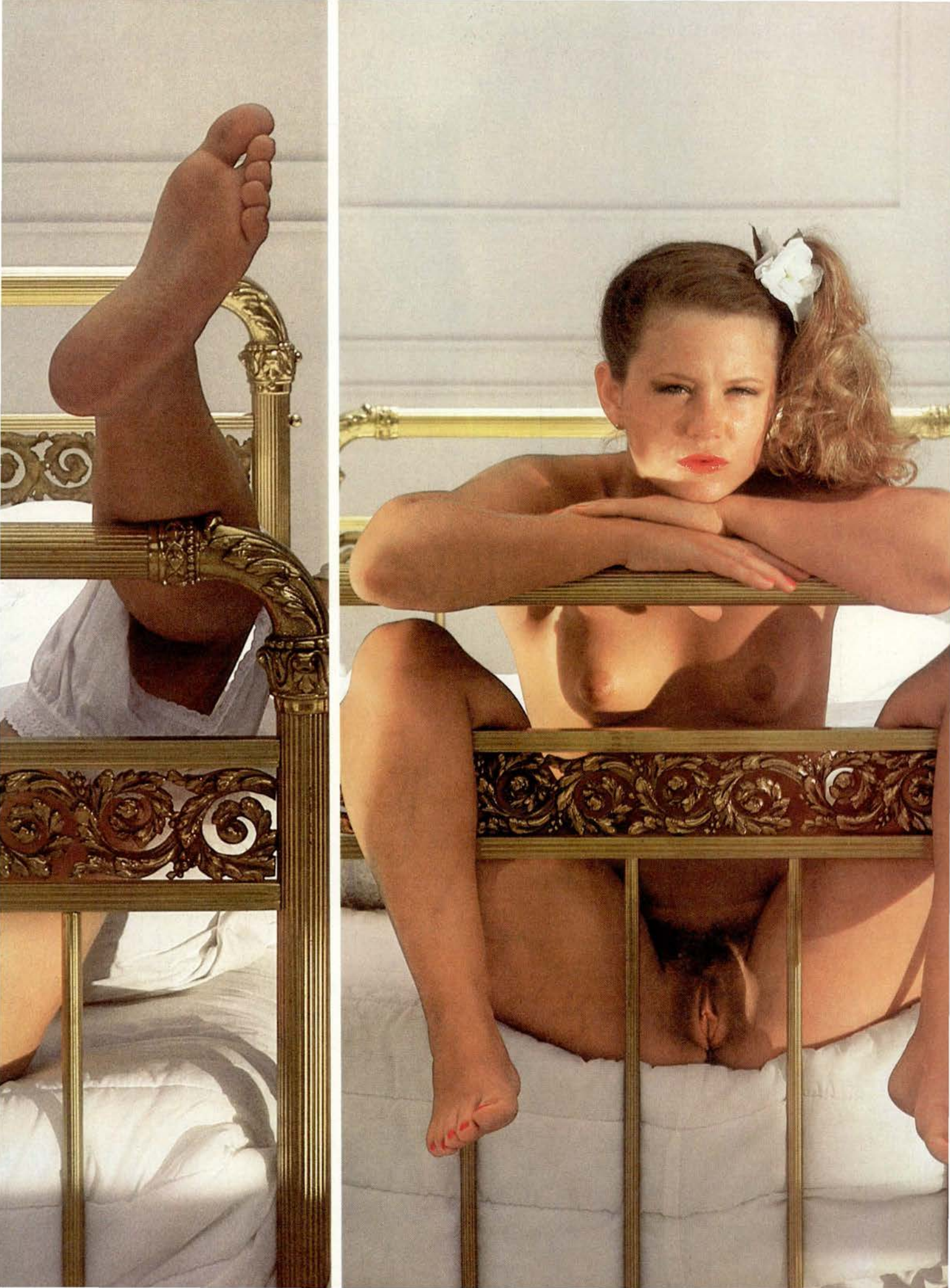
The Long Beach, California, woman tells us she likes *all* men—from suit-and-tie types to brawny longshoremen—but only if they take their sex both seriously and lightheartedly.

So, a good-natured smile on your face is likely to spread her lips too.

Photographed by James Baes















(continued from page 42)

consent to the child's enlistment in the armed forces; etc., etc. (the brief went on for several pages). If some of these gripes sound trite, consider the complaint that the mother—and only the mother—can consent to the underage marriage of the children.

Suppose a 15-year-old daughter wants to marry a disreputable, drunken bum. The father is strongly opposed to the parasitic sot. But the father has no control; it's totally up to the mother. And the mother, bless her, just wants the kid out of her hair and out of the house! How would *you* feel if you were the father in such a situation?

"Unless she's a prostitute, drug addict or beats the kids," declared Neal Gantcher, a prominent New York divorce attorney, "the mother gets the kids. The husband's got to show she's a bad, *bad* person—or else he loses out."

Gantcher leaned back in his leather office chair 25 floors above the Avenue of the Americas in Manhattan and recounted a case he was involved in at the time. A couple split and the wife subsequently moved from New York to Detroit with the kids, aged 12 to 16. Right away the father was screwed. The custody agreement provided for visits each weekend. But how could the father afford to fly to Detroit every week? Answer: He couldn't. End of his visitation "rights."

Next, it turned out, the mother moved in with—then married— a fairly reprehensible man. The kids, said Gantcher, "begin this tale of woe. The stepfather's rapping the kids around, dealing drugs, the mother's drunk, popping pills, you name it." When the father heard of the horrors and tortures, he begged his ex-wife to grant him custody. But out of spite she wouldn't. Meanwhile the stepfather was getting more and more violent and finally threw the kids on a plane to their grandparents

"Unless she's a prostitute, drug addict or beats the kids, the mother gets custody of the children."

in New Jersey, shouting, "It's a one-way ticket—and you ain't coming back!"

One would think, at this point, the father would be simply awarded custody as he requested. Not so. Switching custody through the courts is no easy matter. Gantcher would only say, "We've got a fifty-fifty shot at it." Courts are notoriously prejudiced against granting the father sole custody. Apparently it is far more preferable for the children to live with relative strangers—the grandparents—who are separated by still another generation. (But at least they're married!)

In dissolved marriages society has traditionally sympathized with the plight of the mother—"seduced and abandoned" and stuck with the children. But now men's rights groups are attempting to switch attention to the unhappy and sometimes desperate plight of the father. Thus, Texas Fathers for Equal Rights declared: "The injuries men are experiencing in divorce is creating a backlash in the form of inability to work, emotional instability, antisocial behavior, refusal to obey court orders, lack of interest in and contact with children, among others." Nor is this just inflammatory propaganda from a bunch of irate "male chauvinist pigs." Three psychologists—E. Mavis Hetherington, Martha Cox and Roger Cox—recently completed a study (begun at the University of Virginia) comparing 72 married couples with 72 divorced couples, the mother having been granted custody of the children. In an unusual step, the psychologists focused their attention on the fathers. They reported the results in *Psychology Today*: " . . . Feelings of rootlessness and anxiety are common among recently divorced fathers. . . . The sense of loss of their children was a pervasive concern. . . . Eight fathers who had been strongly attached, affectionate parents said they could not endure the pain of seeing their children only occasionally. . . . The divorced men slept less, slept more erratically and had trouble managing the basics of shopping, cooking, laundry and cleaning.

"Because they were supporting two households, money didn't go as far as before. . . ." continued the report in *Psychology Today*. "More divorced fathers than married fathers increased their workloads in an attempt to raise their incomes. This created even more stress for them, since in the first year following divorce many fathers felt immobilized by emotional problems and were unable to work effectively."

Not a pretty picture. Which is why Estelle Rubin, a New York City marriage counselor and co-author (with Edith L. Atkin) of the recent book *Part-Time Father*, said that some kind of therapy or divorce counseling is necessary in most marital breakups: "Men especially need it. They are the ones who are really at a loss." Men's rights groups would certainly agree, but they're also stressing that men need not be totally "at a loss" in divorce situations. If men enjoyed the same rights as women, they would be able to demand sole, or at least joint, custody.

Men get shafted in subtle ways also. For instance, there's a California law that says a "noncustodial" father (a father not living with his children) loses his "parental rights" if he deliberately fails to support the child for a year. But the law is very different for women. A mother in California has no obligation to support the child. To preserve her parental rights, she merely has to "com-

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Men's Rights Organizations

MEN International, Inc.
Richard F. Doyle
P. O. Box 189
Forest Lake, Minnesota 55025
(612-464-7663)

Deprived and Discriminated Against Males of Central New York
Norman Kopp
P. O. Box 254
Syracuse, New York 13206
(315-452-0905)

Council on Family Law Reform of Michigan
Jack Gysling
11810 Fifteen Mile Road
Suite B-15
Sterling Heights, Michigan
(313-939-0411)

Male Parents for Equal Rights
Thomas Alexander, Jr.
One West Sixth Street
Wilmington, Delaware 19801
(302-571-8383)

Texas Fathers for Equal Rights
Donald Beagle
612 South Twin City Highway
Nederland, Texas 77627
(713-722-0734)

The Society of Single Fathers
Stephen N. Barnes
70 Clipper Road
Suite 415
Willowdale, Ontario, Canada M2J4E3
(416-491-9936)



'I thought I asked you not to tell Grandpa any of your dirty jokes!'

CARLTON HANEY
THE P.T. BARNUM OF COUNTRY AND WESTERN

PROFILE by JOHN PUGH

It is difficult to view Carlton Haney for the first time and not think of him as a refugee from a third-rate sideshow. Standing five feet five inches and weighing 200 pounds, he looks like one of those roly-poly clowns with the weighted bottoms, which even when kicked across a yard will always wobble upright. In fact, his massive girth perched upon such short legs causes his feet to come down so heavily that he appears to be stomping a roach to death with every step. And though he constantly maintains that he revels in his obesity and his corresponding love for fat women—"three hundred pounds and up!"—his weight is a source of woeful self-justification.

"It's there all right," he says, jiggling his blubber with his hands. "Course, it looks worse than it really is 'cause I'm so shaw-at," he explains in words that almost seem to be formed from the red clay of north central North Carolina. As he talks of his plans for a diet, his daughter—who has heard it all perhaps a thousand times before—begins chastising him for his eating habits. "I ain't ate a Sayrah Lee cake in two weeks!" he roars back at her in mock woundedness.

The baffling irony is: Spend some time with Carlton Haney and it seems inconceivable that he can't lose 50 pounds or so. For he has done everything else he ever put his mind to and, in the process, has emerged a veritable Tobacco Road Renaissance Man.

"Every dream I've ever had has come true," he says. "Everythin' I've set out to do I've done. What else is there? Excitement? I have more excitement right here in Ruffin, Nawth C'lina, in two weeks than most people could have in Las Vegas in two months. Money? I've got enough to live on. How much else do I need? If I had it, I'd just give it away. What do all these things mean in comparison to doin' somethin' that ain't never been done before?"

Some of the things Haney has done before, or at least better, than anyone else include: He was the first to take country music shows out of the little theaters and into the big auditoriums, and the first to put on a bluegrass festival (nearly snatching the music from the grave by doing so); he has discovered, started and promoted more big-name country music acts than anyone else; he has been a professional gambler and a professional baseball player; he is writing a book on the history of country music, and is contemplating sites for his proposed bluegrass hall of fame. To top it all off, he is a walking repository of such an incredibly diverse store of knowledge, opinions, observations and conversations that he comes across almost as a combination of Leonardo da Vinci, Sigmund Freud and Henry Kissinger. "If I had to drive from here to California, there's no one else I'd rather take with me than Carlton," says Harold Reid of the Statler Brothers. "He'd never stop talking the whole trip, but every word he'd say would be worth listening to."

Sample: To start Carlton going, a visitor has only to complain that his back has been thrown out of kilter by a ten-hour drive. "I bent over once and couldn't straighten up," Carlton begins. "The doctor said, 'It's a slipped disc. There's nothin' I can do for you.' I went home and got a dead possum out of my front yard, cut him open and took his backbone out to see how it was made. After that I knew how to work on my own spine to get it fixed. I fixed a bunch of others after that. One man's slipped out so bad they had to call an ambulance. I went up there and everybody said, 'Don't touch him. You might paralyze him.' I worked on him about two minutes, and by the time the ambulance got there, he was up and walkin' around. Eventually the word got over to Durham. [Note: North Carolinians persist in referring to their four major universities by the towns in which they are located. So for Durham, read Duke University.] A doctor came up from Durham, I showed him what I was doin' and he said, 'I don't know why we haven't thought of that.' A few months later he called and said, 'Carlton, you won't believe how many patients I've helped with your cure. I may write a book about it.' And he's goin' to call it *The Haney Method of Chiropractory.*

"Thirteen years ago I asked the doctors at Durham why they couldn't operate on people with sound waves. If sound can shatter glass, why can't it shatter a cancer cell? Two years ago they called and said the technique was bein' developed in Oxford, England. Durin' the Civil War, if Stonewall Jackson's Blackhorse Cavalry crossed a bridge in their normal cadence, the sound waves would collapse the bridge. That's all a bomb or dynamite does: send out sound waves. So I told everybody that at my second bluegrass festival I was goin' to move the stage with sound. I had thirteen musicians on stage all playin' in perfect time. The stage picked up the rhythm and it shook to where you could actually see it.

"You see, the sum total of what you are is your brain. So you got to know how your brain works. When I go to sleep I tell my brain to come up with a new idea, then give it to me the minute I awake. It might be bedroom shoes with lights in the toes. It might be combination locks for cars. That way not only couldn't nobody steal your car, but you couldn't start it yourself if you were too drunk to remember the combination. Most people don't get their brain out until at least noon, and even then they don't recognize it half the time. But I've *trained my brain.* That's why I can put on a better show than any other promoter in the country."

It's running shows that is Carlton Haney's entire reason for being—along with discovering the acts to play them. And it is a talent at which he has very few (if any) peers,

Photo by Frank DeLia



according to the acts that work for him, the agents that deal with him and, above all, according to Carlton himself.

"[People] know when they come to one of my shows they gawn see or hear somethin' they ain't never experienced before," Carlton says. "Give any other promoter in the world the same acts and he can't put on the same show.

"When I put on a show I give each one a soul of its own. Each one will have one or two moments that will never happen again. I talk to the entertainers before the show and get their minds workin'. Then when they get onstage they hear things they wouldn't ordinarily hear and this causes 'em to *create.*

"I never tell 'em when they're goin' on and this keeps 'em excited. I never go up to the box office until after the show. I'm backstage the whole three-and-a-half hours, gettin' 'em ready to do somethin' they ain't never done before. It's just like gettin' a woman ready to screw.

"Conway Twitty may not even know I'm in town, but let me start callin' the spotlights and in three minutes he knows it's me. Pretty soon a mental thing develops. I'm controllin' his mind. Pretty soon I'm controllin' the *audience's* mind. Most promoters just put on a show.

"I control their minds. Can't nobody else do it but me. And they want it controlled! That's why country music fans don't need booze and pot at a show. They get high on memories—the first time they ever made love, the first time they ever had their heart broke. Conway sings, 'You've Never Been This Far Before,' a woman thinks of the first time a man ever touched her, she wets her britches and gets her five dollars' worth. Then she goes home and makes love to her husband like never before. And her husband knows why. The more the artist can make you *believe* he's makin' love to you, the bigger he's gawn be.

"That's the next thing I can do that nobody else can't: tell who's gawn be big and who ain't. You got to find somebody who's ahead of his time 'cause it'll take several years to make him. You got to realize if he can only play and sing or if he can *create.* They come to me all the time, wantin' to know how to get started. I can tell in five minutes if a man's got it; not just the talent, but if he's got it inside of him. When I find one that does, I tell him, 'You got to *create* somethin' that nobody's ever heard before.'

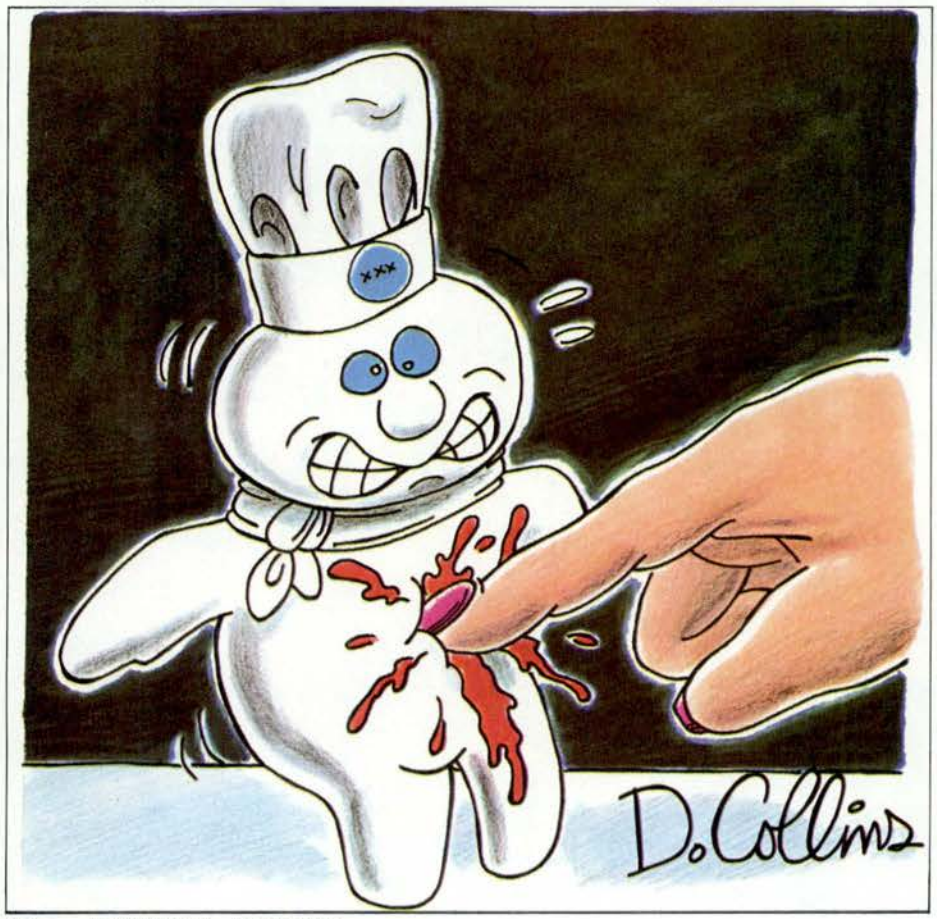
"I had Ray Price on a show back in 1958 or '59. His bandleader said he was goin' to open the show with 'Columbus Stockade Blues.' I thought, *Lord, why do we have to listen to that old thing for the millionth time?* The bandleader sang two lines and the hairs stood up on my arms. All that night I laid awake in the motel and could hear it. The next day I said, 'Do a couple of other numbers tonight.' He did 'Hello Walls' and 'Family Bible' and brought the house down. Price wouldn't even go on; we had to take an intermission. I told Don Reno (the bluegrass singer), 'That boy's gawn be a star.' I took him out to California and got him his first record contract with Liberty Records. It took him about fifteen years but I sure was right. That was . . . "(appropriate dramatic pause, accompanied by a far-off gaze, recalling the majesty of it) " . . . Willie Nelson! But what made Nelson big? He *created* a style that ain't never been duplicated.

"I was runnin' a show with Porter Wagoner one night back in '65 or '66 when Porter brought me this boy and said he wanted me to help him get started. I had him sing me some songs. If a singer can get to me after as many songs and as many singers as I've heard, I know he can get to the people. He sang me a song about prison. I thought, *This boy sounds like he's done been in prison! He'll tear the people to pieces!* I said, 'I'll give you four hundred fifty dollars a night for you and your band.' That's how I started Merle Haggard. To this day there's never been another singer who can make you feel what's happened to him as much as Merle. That was his creation.

"I walked into a little coffee shop across the street from where I was runnin' a show in Washington, D. C., back in 1962. There was this girl singer and her husband in there. This was on a Sunday and they told me they'd been sleepin' in their car since Wednesday to get to sing on my show. I bought 'em some breakfast and had her sing me a song right there in the booth. I could tell she had it, so I let her sing that afternoon and sell a little record she had on Zero Records. Afterward I paid her twenty-five dollars. Nine years later Loretta Lynn said to me, 'Do you remember that girl who had to sleep in her car and didn't even have money enough for breakfast that day in D. C.? That was me. When you paid me after the show that was the first money I'd ever made singin'. That's why you get your dates before anybody else. And you always will.'

"The Statler Brothers, I knew they had a harmony like nobody else and I could do somethin' with 'em. Harold Reid asked me to call Johnny Cash and see if I couldn't get them with him. Cash said meet him in Canton, Ohio. We took off in a 1952 Cadillac limousine totin' a U-Haul trailer. They auditioned, Cash liked 'em, Harold told him I was their manager, and Cash's manager asked what I'd take for them. I said, 'Well, I need fifty dollars to get back home.' He gave me the fifty dollars and that's how I got the Statlers started with Johnny Cash. Why'd I give 'em away like that? The money don't mean that much to me. It's gettin' people started, helpin' *them* realize their dream just like *I've* realized *mine.* Besides, I

(continued on page 111)




GOODBYE
CRUEL
WORLD
DWAINE B. TINSLEY



Photographed by Clive McLean



SHEREE LEE

Two kinds of woman

Stripper Sheree Lee put her finger on it when she told us, "Every woman dreams of taking her clothes off seductively in front of a group of admiring men." And even though her own exceptional act doesn't turn Sheree on personally, "It's pleasing to know I can turn men on and still do it artistically," the 22-year-old Cleveland native says frankly.

As hot and varied as her act is, Sheree prefers to think of herself as a one-man woman because that type of relationship is as creative as her stage performance. When she's in bed with her mate, nothing turns her off.

"Anything he wants to do, I want to do, and anything I want to do, he wants to do."

It's hard to guess which of Sheree's performances is better—public or private. But she's just finished touring the East Coast and Canada and now plans on treating the men west of Ol' Muddy. You can judge at least one of her performances, if you keep your eyes peeled.










HUSTLER'S HONEY
NOVEMBER 1977





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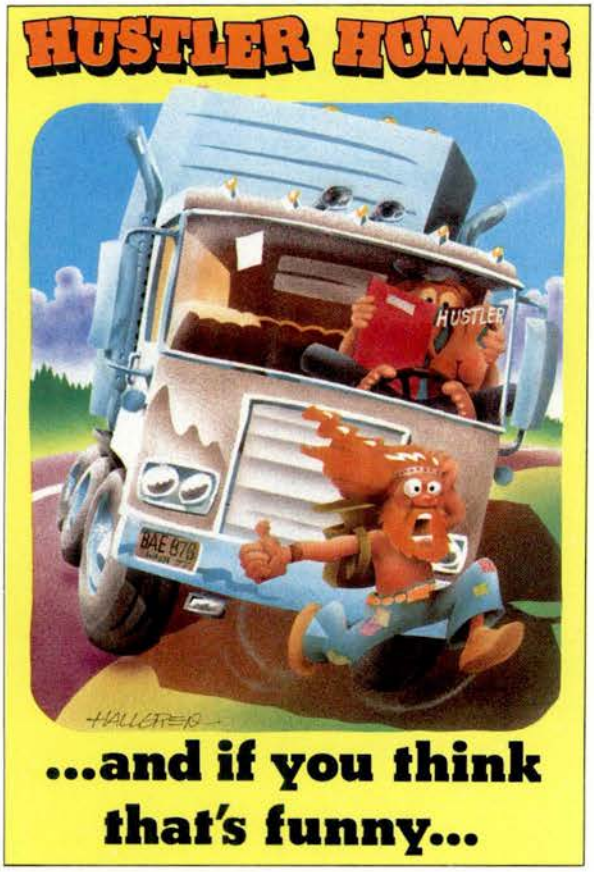
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A customer in a gun shop asked the salesclerk for a .357 Magnum. "That's a mighty powerful gun, my friend," said the clerk. "What do you intend to use it for?"

"Oh, I just want to shoot some cans," came the answer.

"Why don't you save yourself some money and buy a .22?" asked the clerk, trying to help. "It would be plenty powerful for just shooting cans."

"Well, I kinda had my mind set on the .357."

"Sure, fella, you're the boss," said the baffled clerk. "But just what kind of cans do you plan on shooting?"

"Well," said the customer, "Mexi*cans*, Puerto Ri*cans* and Afri*cans*."

QUESTION: What do a beaver and a screen door have in common?
ANSWER: The more you bang them, the looser they get.

In the middle of a lovemaking session, a young man, after sucking away on his girlfriend's tit, noticed a vile-tasting liquid in his mouth.

"Damn," he said. "Your tit must be full of milk!"

"You've got to be joking," she replied happily.

"No, I swear," he said. "When I sucked on your tit it came out."

"Whew! That's a relief," she said, wiping her brow. "The doctor thought I had a tumor!"

Do you know why God made pubic hairs so curly? If they were straight, they'd poke your eyes out!

The Chinese have come up with a new form of population control. Their women are now keeping the shoe and bronzing the baby.

In Germany, during World War II, they set a new record for stuffing people into a Volkswagen—28. What they did was put two Germans in the front seat, two Germans in the back seat and 24 Jews in the ashtray.

A drunk got on a bus one very hot summer afternoon and went to the only available seat. An elderly woman, several seats in front of him, would remove a bottle from her purse, raise it to her lips and then place it back in her purse. Since he was extremely thirsty, the man decided to investigate.

After several stops only a few passengers remained on the bus. The man moved toward the woman and little by little made his way to the seat next to her. For the fifth time since he'd been on the bus, she reached into her purse and again got the bottle. When she raised the bottle to her lips, the drunk grabbed it and gulped half of its contents. He suddenly dropped the bottle and began to gag.

"God, this shit tastes awful!" he shouted to the woman. "What is it?"

"I have TB," she replied. "That's my spit bottle."

QUESTION: What do you get when you cross an elephant with a rabbit?
ANSWER: A dead rabbit with an asshole two-and-a-half feet wide.

We heard a story the other day about a prominent southern university that is taking steps to go along with President Carter's energy plans. Scientists there are working on an experiment to cross an octopus with a black wino. Their object is to get an eight-row cotton picker that operates on muscatel.

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *relative humidity* as: the sweat that runs off your back when you screw your sister-in-law.

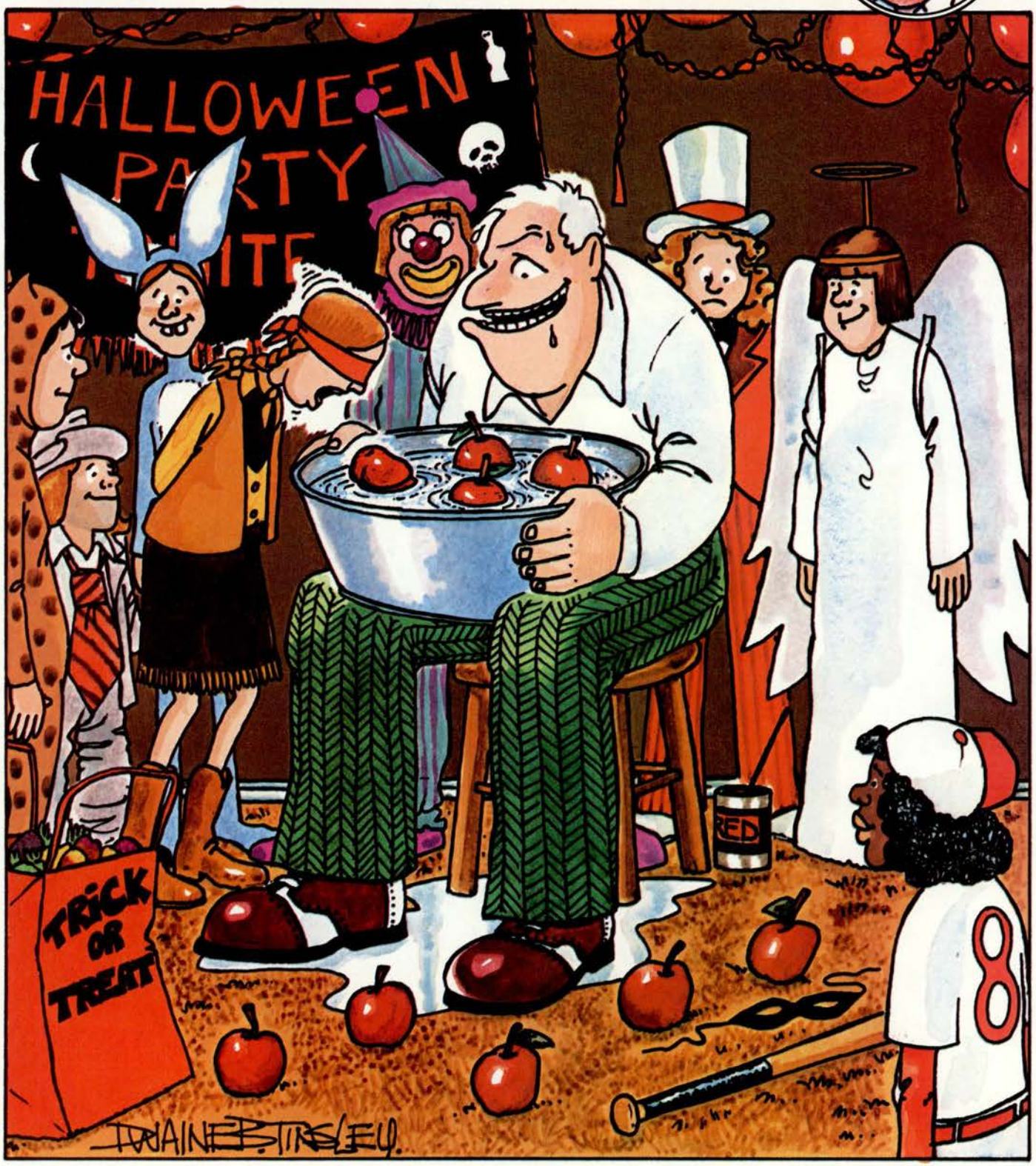
Then there's the one about the drunk who stumbled into a tavern one evening with dog shit cupped in his hands. He sauntered up to the bar and, laughing proudly, said to the bartender, "Look what I almost stepped in."

QUESTION: What is black, smoky and hangs from the ceiling?
ANSWER: A Polish electrician.

The other day we heard of a new way to get rid of the crabs. Find a faggot who has a craving for seafood.

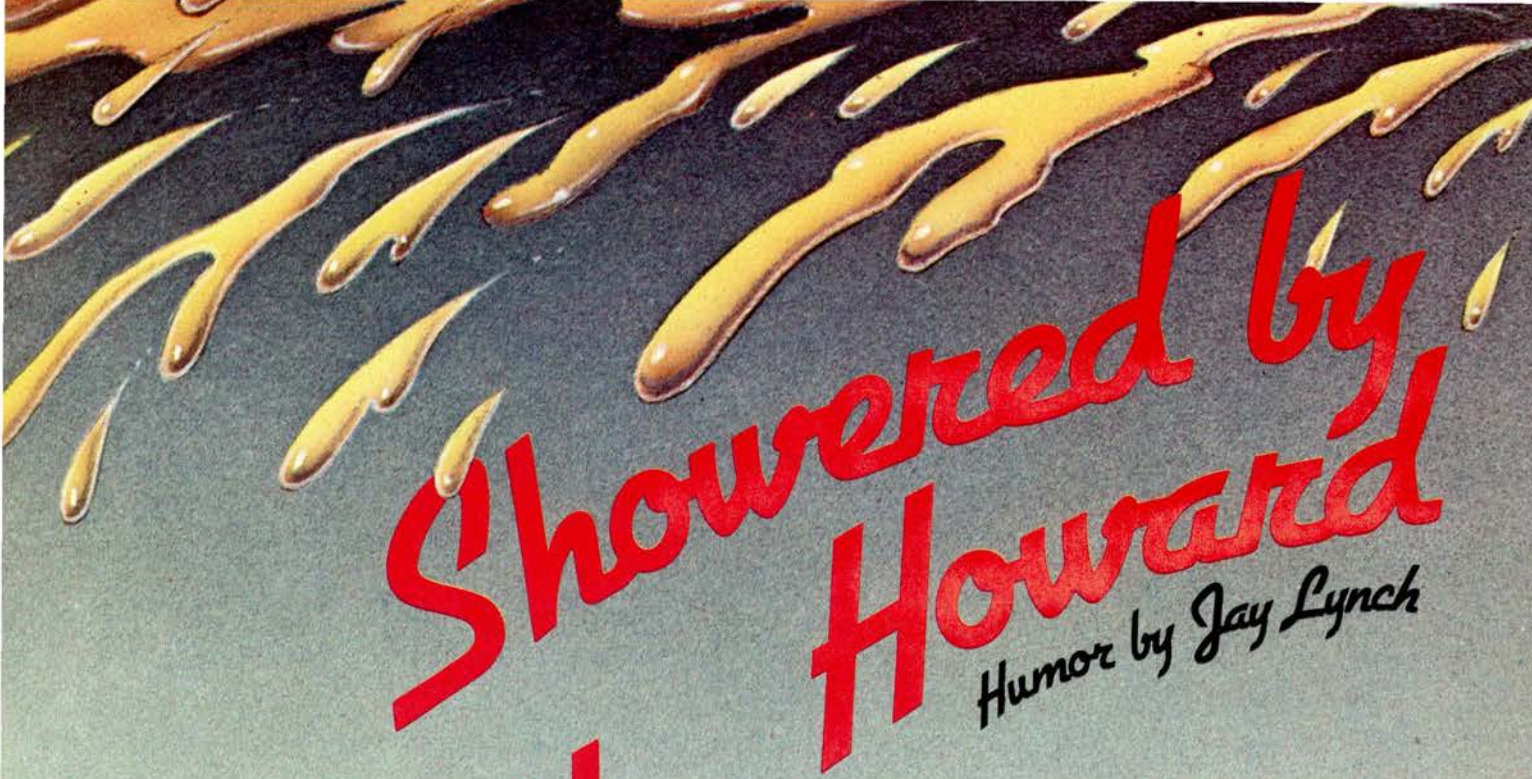
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CHESTER THE MOLESTER



"... A little to the right ... Yeah ... Now up a little ...."

HOWARD HUGHES 641
Jim Evans



Showered by Howard

Humor by Jay Lynch

Howard Hughes began having kidney problems shortly after he was severely injured in the 1946 crash of an experimental reconnaissance plane of his own design. The mashed-up millionaire left the hospital before proper surgery could be performed, and lived the rest of his life with internal displacements that were never surgically corrected. James Phelan, in his book Howard Hughes: The Hidden Years, wrote: "For years [Hughes] had had the habit of urinating into a wide-mouthed mason jar while reclining on his lounge chair. His kidneys were malfunctioning long before they failed in Acapulco and precipitated his death. Relieving himself took hours, and he was too weak to sit all that time in the bathroom."

The emaciated form of the world's wealthiest recluse lying back on a lounge chair, the once-proud Hughes tool slowly emptying the contents of his beleaguered bladder into a mason jar—this was not a pretty picture to Mell Stewart and Gordon Margulis, the former Hughes aides who supplied the information to Phelan for his book. There is nothing particularly odd about the fact that Hughes had a kidney problem and had to piss slowly into some sort of receptacle. But the book went on to say that jars of Hughes's piss were collected during the years of his stay at the Desert Inn in Las Vegas, and here is where the story gets weird: "Instead of being emptied, the jars had been capped and stacked in a corner of his little bedroom. The employees had to get rid of a three-year supply of Hughes's urine and then wash and destroy the jars. One aide kept interrupting the job to go off into an adjoining bathroom and retch."

Phelan didn't say whether or not the decision to save this piss came directly from Hughes himself, or whether it was made by someone else without Hughes's knowledge—possibly an upper-echelon aide, or another person within the Hughes organization.

In mid-December 1976, newspapers picked up the wire-service reports on the Hughes-piss story. These reports contained nothing new on the piss puzzle; they simply brought to the daily press one more item in Hughes's catalog of "eccentricities."

Toxins that enter the system of a person with defective kidneys are likely to change his thought or behavior patterns. Typically this change manifests itself in a preoccupation with detail. Bearing this in mind, many of Hughes's "eccentricities" reported since his death seem to make a certain degree of sense. Hughes could sit through countless reruns of the film Ice Station Zebra, each time grooving on previously unnoticed details. When he ate Campbell's chicken soup, he would insist that his aides maintain it at a precise temperature and a consistent ratio of chicken to stock during the eight-hour periods it would often take him to consume a bowlful.

There was method to Hughes's septic madness—based upon attention to detail and fortified with a strange kind of nit-picking logic. For example, he refused to

wear underwear with metal snaps, preferring the kind with drawstrings.

To the man in the street this may sound peculiar, but the man in the street doesn't consider *detail* as Howard Hughes did. With Hughes's reported opposition to the atomic testing being conducted in the Nevada desert, and with the high degree of radioactive particles said to be floating around in the warm Las Vegas air, it figures that the Desert Inn's top-floor tenant didn't want to wear undies with radiation-attracting metal snaps.

Radiation-attracting metal snaps? As Hughes's flunkies must have informed him, such a danger would be incredibly minute. Nuclear radiation attracted to a metal snap would be infinitesimal. Tiny as it was—as his flunkies would have had to admit—the amount of radiation attracted to cotton, or other cloth, is still less than the amount attracted to metal. Loco, maybe—yet logical.

But even in this microcosmically detail-based logic system, Hughes's piss storage seemed inexplicable. Why did this nut save his pee?

* * *

Trying to make some sense out of the mystery, I flashed back to May 1976. At a party in Berkeley, California, an obscure musician told me something that stuck in my mind. He informed me of the existence of a black market for celebrity urine. The piss of Jimi Hendrix and of Lyndon Baines Johnson and dozens of other celebs, living and dead, was, he said, then available to those who had the cash and knew where to go.

The musician also related a bizarre story, which he swore was true. At a party staged in a New York City subway station several years ago, to celebrate the opening of the motion picture *Tommy*, a noted rock star broke open a bottle of vintage James Dean urine from his collection and poured it over the head of a popular film critic. Both persons were celebrity-urine collectors, and the film critic had not, for love or money, succeeded in obtaining a specimen of the legendary actor's urine. The rock star, even though he prized his Dean piss, poured most of it on the critic just to get his goat.

The critic, upon learning that he had been doused with Dean urine, broke for a soft-drink vending machine as soon as his orgasm was completed. He put in 15 cents and pulled out the cup before either ice or soda could drop into it. Then he wrung his shirtfront over the cup—salvaging close to three ounces of the precious fluid, which, to this day, he wears around his neck inside a glass medallion, a miniature replica of Dean's death mask.

The credibility of this yarn seemed doubtful to me when I heard it, so I just chalked it up to rumor. The Hughes-piss controversy, however, got me thinking. Could it be possible that celebrity-piss collectors look upon Hughes's urine as a highly prized commodity? Had unscrupulous aides, unbeknownst to Hughes, been selling Hughes's piss on the black market and pocketing the proceeds? Was the old man himself in on this scam? There was enough urine stored in that hotel room to douse the entire Mormon Tabernacle Choir—and I aimed to find out *why*!

Although I was unable to track down the musician who was my source for the *Tommy* piss rumor, I managed to get in touch with several persons who were at the party in the subway. "I was there—and I didn't see anything like that take place," replied an employee of Andy Warhol Enterprises—a fellow named Chris, who would not supply me with his last name (most likely out of a fear of being linked in *any* way with piss rumors).

Ronny Sunshine, a New York City chauffeur who was at the *Tommy* soiree that night—and who drove some of the guests, including film critic Rex Reed, home after the party—told me that if such a thing had in fact occurred, "We woulda heard about it. I sorta vaguely remember something like that," Sunshine added. "I mean, like, I remember somebody throwing champagne on somebody's head. It mighta been somebody around The Who—like Keith Moon or somebody like that." Sunshine, however, heard no talk of urine in connection with the incident. I asked Sunshine if Rex Reed was wet when he got into the limo. "I don't remember," replied Sunshine.

One detail of the rumor was shot down by his account, however. According to Sunshine, the party took place in the lower level of the subway station. The upper level was closed. All soft-drink machines were on the upper level—so the *Tommy* guests had no access to them. The *Tommy* rumor and the identities of the rock musician and film critic remain unverified.

A New York City disc jockey told me another celeb-urine tale. This one involved the late Jim Morrison, lead singer of The Doors. One evening in the late 1960s, so the story went, Morrison was enjoying a few drinks with some colleagues at Max's Kansas City, a Manhattan night spot. Too stoned, or possibly too paranoid, to use Max's men's room like the other working stiffs, Morrison opted to publicly piss into a half-empty wine bottle. Seizing her "golden" opportunity to impress Morrison, a waitress at Max's supposedly



grabbed the bottle of piss and vino off the table and drank most of it, to the amusement and applause of Morrison and his friends.

This rumor went through a series of permutations before I finally traced it to its source, a guy named Danny Fields. Today Fields manages the punk-rock group The Ramones, but back in the late '60s he was Morrison's press agent. Fields says he was there in the back room of Max's, and that this is what actually went down:

"We were sitting at the round table in the corner and Morrison was very drunk, and to get up he would have had to have crawled under the table. He just took an empty wine bottle off the table, and quietly—not publicly—just quietly put it between his legs and peed into it. And then he put it back on the table. He put the cork into it, and our waitress—who everyone had reason to be pissed off at for other things ('cause she was a lousy waitress)—was going by. So, as he was getting up to leave, he said to her, 'Oh, I couldn't finish the wine, but it's so good, why don't you take it home as a gift from me?' And she beamed and said, 'Oh, thank you.' And she clutched the bottle to her heart and went running off to the waitresses' room with it, and that's the last we ever saw. But no one drank it in public or peed in public."

I had originally heard this rumor thirdhand. Fortunately, I was able to pin down its source relatively early in the game. If I had heard it from a fifth or sixth person, the tendency to exaggerate on the part of rumormongers might have twisted the tale to the point of having Morrison standing on the tabletop, pissing directly into the waitress's mouth. So it is with rumors: Tantalizing streams of bizarre information can often be traced to mere trickles.

Despite all, the celebrity-urine rumors have persisted. In one story, a prominent Beverly Hills general practitioner was known throughout Hollywood as "Doctor to the Stars." If a celeb came in to have so much as a wart or hangnail removed, the clever doctor would routinely take a urine specimen. It all paid off when he retired at age 45. Now the former movieland medic is said to be living on dividends from his blue-chip stocks, paid for with money from the illicit sale of Tinseltown tinkle.

As I waded deeper into the celeb-urine puzzle, one obvious question bothered me. Before launching this investigation, I had always assumed, like any layman, that "piss is piss is piss." What would prevent a disreputable dealer in celebrity urine from "cutting" the piss specimens of Hollywood bigwigs? If, for instance, one of these piss pushers wanted to make more kale, he could dilute a jar of extremely rare Bela Lugosi pee with, say, the urine of some unknown busboy or hotel desk clerk.

What, indeed, was to keep a pee peddler from passing off his own tinkle as that of Mae West, Lassie or Rod McKuen?

According to urologists, it would be an easy fraud to perpetrate. One person's urine, it turns out, is pretty much the same as another's. When divided into 1000 parts, healthy urine, according to the basic formula, includes 960 parts water and 40 parts solutes, to wit:

- 23 parts urea
- 11 parts sodium chloride
- 2.3 parts phosphoric acid
- 1.3 parts sulfuric acid
- 0.5 parts uric acid
- 1.9 parts of organic salts, urobilin, leukomaines and hippuric acid

My piss information in order, I once more tackled the rumors.

One celebrity rumor, which I heard from a small-scale Chicago magazine distributor, had its roots in solid facts. I checked out some dusty back copies of *TV Guide* to authenticate it. During the 1954-1955 television season, CBS aired a 60-minute variety show called *Shower of Stars*. Rumor had it that CBS hired psychologists to come up with the title, but there is no documentation to support the rumor-theory that the title was calculated to appeal to the subconscious minds of closet celeb-urine fans. However, it is interesting to note that *Shower of Stars* was broadcast only once a month—preempting a weekly TV drama show with another unlikely name: *Climax*.

Could it be that studies were made by the network in the mid-'50s to determine the ratio of the televiewing audience that preferred showers by stars to normal sexual climax? If the choice of the variety show's title was truly based on these alleged surveys, this would indicate that fully one-fourth of the American public was unwittingly preoccupied with celebrity urine way back in the 1950s! And we old-timers were shocked by the Kinsey report?

In Roman Catholicism the urine of a saint would technically qualify as a second-class relic. Exactly how much urine of the canonized is stored in the Vatican is anybody's guess. Relics are a serious affair, however—so I do not mean to suggest even the remotest possibility of holy-water sports.

It would be tempting simply to dismiss *all* of these urine rumors without trying to trace them. But no fact-minded news hawk could turn his back on all of them, knowing that a place called "The Toilet" actually *did* exist.



Photo by Frank Delia

New York City's reputation as "Sodom and Gomorrah on the Hudson" wasn't impeded any by the goings-on at a notorious biker bar known as the Toilet, which was located on the seedy Lower West Side. The leather-and-chains crowd flocked to this palace of putrefaction, which featured a men's room with more *human* toilets in it than porcelain ones. The Toilet's trade was exclusively male, both the pee-ers and the pee-ons. Piss-slaves would cluster there for an evening on their knees, drinking the urine of the more mobile faction of the Toilet's clientele—until the city closed the place down, reportedly for health-code violations.

Now that the Toilet is closed, the new "in" spot for its select clientele ("Don't use the urinal—use my mouth!") is a place called the Mine Shaft. Its Greenwich Village location—Washington and Little Twelfth streets—is ideal for a clientele with *outre* tastes and a swishy orientation. The ambience of this new piss-and-Harley hangout was described to me as being "like a Virginia tobacco auction." A piss-slave, bound in chains, is displayed before the audience. "I've got a toilet here who wants to be pissed on," shouts the bartender/master of these bizarre ceremonies. "Who will be the first to piss on this cringing, subhuman privy?" One by one, patrons whiz on the ecstatic piss-slave until he is completely drenched in urine. The pissers are then rewarded with beers on the house, and the cycle repeats itself.

Is the appeal to bikers of such places as the Mine Shaft a clue to the Hughes-piss labyrinth? After all, several of the nation's most notorious cycle gangs have names seemingly derived from Howard Hughes-produced motion pictures: the Chicago, Milwaukee and Cleveland *Outlaws*, the *Hell's Angels*. Who can say for certain?

So far, my search for hard information on the Hughes-piss caper left me high and dry. After all the rumors had petered out, I sought facts from the only two authentic, sure-enough publications catering to the urine crowd: *Water and Power* and *Waterworks*. I phoned Jaundice Press in Van Nuys, California, the outfit that publishes these "pee-riodicals," and spoke to Rosalyn Jardine, a member of the editorial staff. She had never come across any verifiable reports involving celebrity-urine collectors—and her word seemed authoritative. "We take our water-sports fetishism very seriously," explained Ms. Jardine. What *The New Republic* is to liberal politics, *Water and Power* and *Waterworks* would appear to be to piss-freakdom. Since these sterling magazines had no confirmation of the existence of celeb-urine collectors—not even a single, tiny classified ad—they just confirmed my suspicion that the rumors I had been following were mere myths. I'd been sidetracked—on a wild-goose chase. I therefore dismissed the celeb-urine collector angle, and returned to more conventional channels in pursuing the Hughes-piss enigma.

* * *

Sleuths will tell you that invariably there comes a point in any investigation where they reach an apparent stalemate. This was my stalemate. The celeb-urine reports had failed to hold water. The press had been unable to explain why Hughes's piss was saved. Philip Nobile, in his syndicated "Conversations" column (*Midwest Magazine*, a Sunday supplement to the *Chicago Sun-Times*, February 13, 1977), interviewed the previously mentioned Mell Stewart and Gordon Margulis, former Hughes aides. When Nobile asked why Hughes's urine was saved, one of the ex-aides responded: "That's a mystery to us. But we can guess that it started accidentally when one aide said, 'Well, I'm not going to empty the jar,' and another aide says, 'Neither am I.' It's as simple as that. His room was an abomination."

Columnist Jack Anderson shed some much-needed light on the matter of Howard Hughes's shit.

Was it that simple? Somehow I wasn't buying this glib rationale. Obviously, at least *some* of Hughes's aides were up to their necks in all this piss, figuratively speaking. The only remaining questions were: who, how and why?

The operative word was "security." The book *His Weird and Wanton Ways: The Secret Life of Howard Hughes* consists primarily of information supplied to author Richard Mathison by Jeff Chouinard, a former Hughes security man. According to this source, Hughes was saving his piss even when he was living in his Bel Air, California, chateau with his wife at the time, Jean Peters. Wrote Mathison:

"When [Hughes] eventually left [the chateau] years later, there were hundreds of [urine] jars gathering dust. Obviously the household servants who had this task didn't save all the jars, but were cautious to store enough that if Hughes ever checked the garage he'd be assured his orders had been carried out. Periodically he'd send a man out to 'go count the jars.' This became a joke with off-duty people."

So, according to Mathison, Hughes started saving his piss in the early '60s—a few years after he hired Robert Maheu. Maheu, who would never meet Hughes in the flesh, nevertheless wound up second only to The Man himself in terms of wielding power within the Hughes organization. Maheu leads us to Watergate, Fidel Castro, the CIA . . . and shit.

In *His Weird and Wanton Ways*, Mathison reported the following ritual, a part of Hughes's routine during the Bel Air period: "A car would emerge and speed off with a small jar to nearby UCLA Medical School each morning and a messenger [would] arrive back a few hours later. Hughes insisted that his feces be analyzed in a lab and a report returned daily."

Jack Anderson's column (*Chicago Daily News*, March 1, 1977) shed some much-needed light on the matter of Hughes's shit. Anderson's source was the Internal Revenue Service's secret file on Hughes. Anderson reported: "[Hughes] spent his last years confined in an asylum of his own creation, alternately making multimillion-dollar decisions and issuing elaborate instructions on the disposal of his penthouse waste. Once, he directed that it be removed in a 'taped brown sack' and 'dumped into some refuse container' far removed from the hotel."

Hughes's concern for the fate of his feces, as reported by Mathison and Anderson, changed the picture considerably. The study of excrement in medical science is known as scatology. Medically, it is possible to get a good picture of a person's state of health by analyzing his turds. Anderson went on to say in the same column: "The improbable Hughes was deeply involved with the Central Intelligence Agency in some of its darkest operations, including the attempts on the life of Cuba's Fidel Castro. Hughes's man in Washington, Robert Bennett, also worked closely with the Watergate plotters."

Reenter Robert Maheu. Maheu was also accused of involvement in the 1961 Castro assassination attempts. According to the book *The Hughes Papers*, by Elaine Davenport and Paul Eddy with Mark Hurwitz: "Maheu entered into the plot enthusiastically. In fact, he spent so much time in Florida planning Castro's assassination that his major client, Howard Hughes, began to complain about Maheu's unavailability. Maheu sought and obtained permission

(continued on page 80)

BOB BISHOP

ON THE ROPES



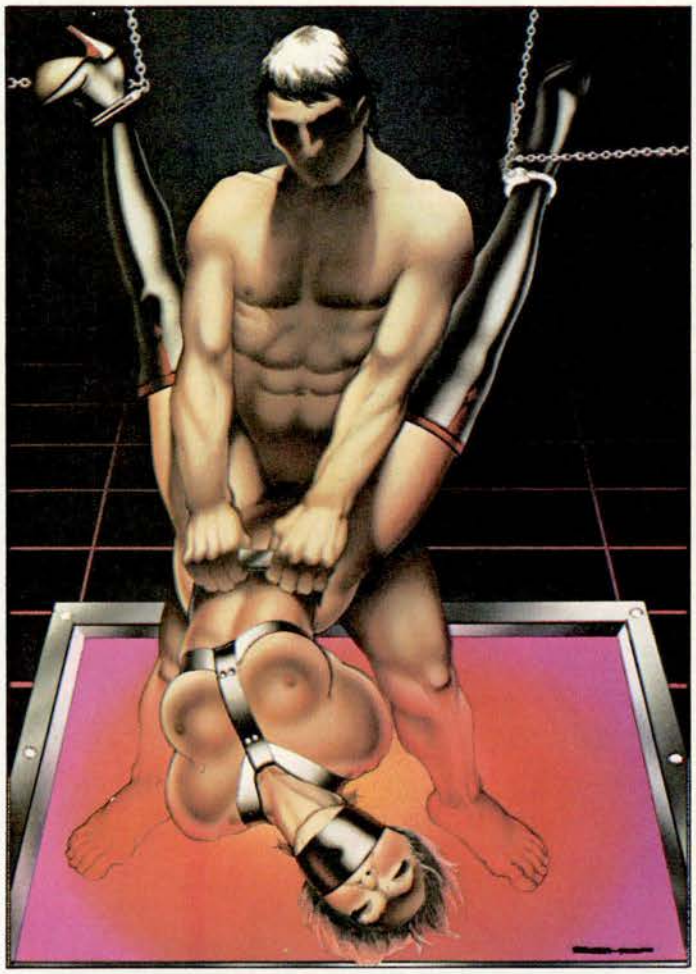
Robert K. Bishop, an underground cult figure among bondage devotees, follows in the tradition established in the '40s by John Willie—the artistic *and* erotic depiction of bondage and discipline (B&D) situations.

Bishop's fledgling art career as a designer of fenders and floorpans for General Motors was interrupted by a two-year stint in the Navy. Being laid off by GM after his return from the service proved to be the stroke of luck that sent Bishop to the bondage-oriented publishing firm House of Milan. There Bishop developed the style that the hypocritical standards of America's magazines have kept most people from seeing. Although he began to draw a following with his simple pen-and-ink work early in his five-year gig at Milan, Bishop didn't hit his stride until he began to wield an airbrush a couple of years ago. Before Bishop cut his ties with Milan to enjoy the freedom of free-lancing, some of his best work from the "Milan period" was compiled in three volumes entitled *Bishop on Bondage* ($5 each, plus $1 postage and handling, from House of Milan, Box 24080, Los Angeles, California 90024).



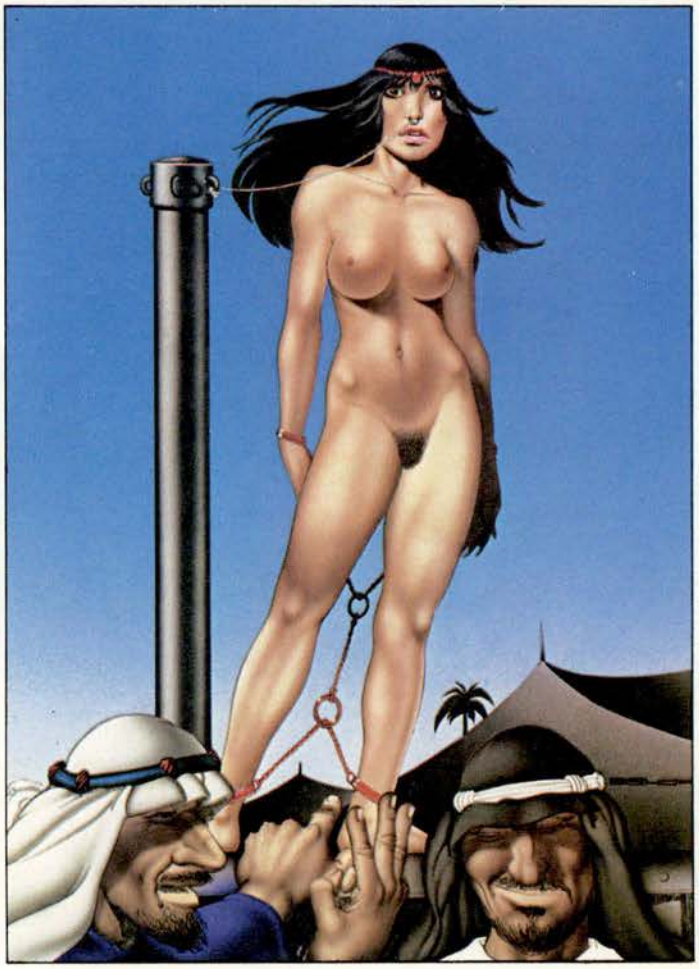
Since Bishop has been denied exposure in the national media, and because we are so highly impressed with his work, including his illustration for *Sex Play* ("Glory Bound") in our September 1977 issue, we are showcasing these seven original illustrations—created exclusively for HUSTLER by the undisputed master of bondage art. This is 32-year-old Bishop's first, long-overdue appearance in a national publication.


BISHOP












BISHOP

(continued from page 74)

from the CIA to reveal to Hughes what he was up to. Hughes, with his abiding fear of Communism, approved and gave Maheu his blessing to spend whatever time was necessary."

Shortly after Hughes's flight from the Desert Inn in 1970, Hughes fired Maheu. Two years later, in his famous telephone interview with the press dispelling Clifford Irving's "Hughes biography" as a hoax, Hughes was asked why he canned Maheu. "Because he's a no-good, dishonest son of a bitch and he stole me blind," responded The Man.

In reality, Hughes may have fired his second banana because Maheu and/or the CIA had him scared shitless. Or, conversely, had him scared into *saving* his shit and piss.

In his book *CIA: The Myth and the Madness*, Patrick J. McGarvey stated: "Another [example of the expertise of the CIA's Technical Services Division] is the story of the CIA team that stole a sample of King Farouk's piss. The object of the exercise was to determine his exact state of health. To achieve it, they rigged up the men's room of one of the gambling casinos in Monte Carlo with a device that captured the urine flowing through the urinal to the sewer. All of this was done without the knowledge of the owners of the establishment. When Farouk was at the gaming tables, one CIA officer stationed himself on a toilet in the men's room with a peeping view of the two urinals. He gave a coughing signal when Farouk entered and another coded cough telling the men on the other side of the wall which urinal he was peeing into."

Khrushchev had no idea that his urine was being collected by the CIA, which had rerouted his toilet.

On March 18, 1965, the overweight Egyptian ex-king slumped across his table at a fashionable restaurant in the outskirts of Rome, dead. The cause of Farouk's death at age 45 was officially recorded as a heart attack. Is it possible that the CIA found Farouk's weakness by analyzing his piss, then slipped something into his pasta?

Then there's the story of the CIA toilet-tap performed on the john in Nikita Khrushchev's hotel room during the Soviet premier's visit to New York in September 1960. It was during this stay in the Big Apple that the memorable U.N. shoe-banging incident took place. Outraged at statements made by the Philippine delegate to the General Assembly, Khrushchev turned red—calling the Philippine delegate a "jerk" and a "lackey of Western imperialism" as he pounded his Russian brogan on a desk. After returning to his hotel, Khrushchev had no idea that his urine was being collected by the CIA, which had rerouted his toilet.

All of this caused me to think about the Watergate conspiracy, which Jack Anderson connects to Hughes through the participation of Hughes's man in Washington, Robert Bennett. If not from previous experience with toilets and urinals to get piss specimens ("leaks"?), how did the Watergate operatives get the nickname "plumbers"?

Take these suspicions, add Howard Hughes's well-known paranoia and septic detail-consciousness, and you can begin to draw a few conclusions. Shaky perhaps—tentative at best—but they certainly knock such frail straws as the celebrity-piss theory into a cocked hat.

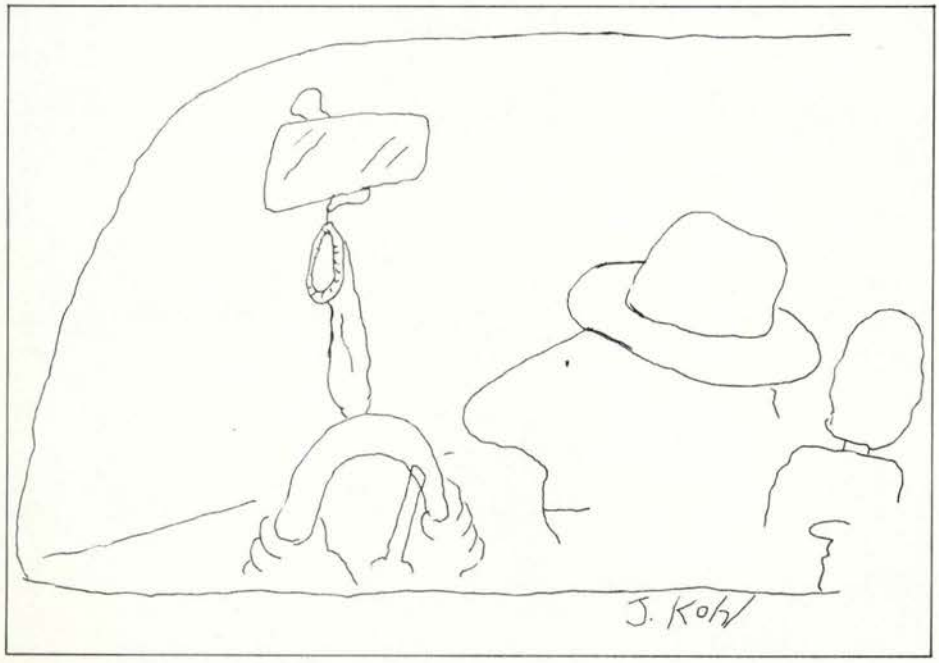
Parenthetically, it should be noted that it is quite possible that the celeb-piss rumors were deliberately started and kept alive to mislead investigators such as this reporter . . . but started by whom? The IRS, for instance, would have a motive to *create* a market for celebrity urine if such a market did not already exist—the IRS could then assess the roomful of Hughes's piss as a taxable part of the estate.

It's reasonable to assume that Hughes was aware, from Maheu or others, of the piss-taps on Farouk and Khrushchev, as well as similar capers thus far unreported. At any rate, McGarvey's revelations were first published in 1972. The shenanigans of the "plumbers" became a matter of public record in 1973. The most logical answer to the question of why Hughes's urine was bottled and saved is that he didn't want any of it to fall into the hands of his enemies, who might then use urinalysis to determine Hughes's state of health—which he kept a well-guarded secret.

The only person who could finally verify *any* such theory would be Hughes himself. I considered setting up a seance to get a confirmation or denial from The Man himself on this final theory. But the credibility of such a method would be doubtful: Hughes might lie about it. Consider how many "Last Wills and Testaments" he left behind.

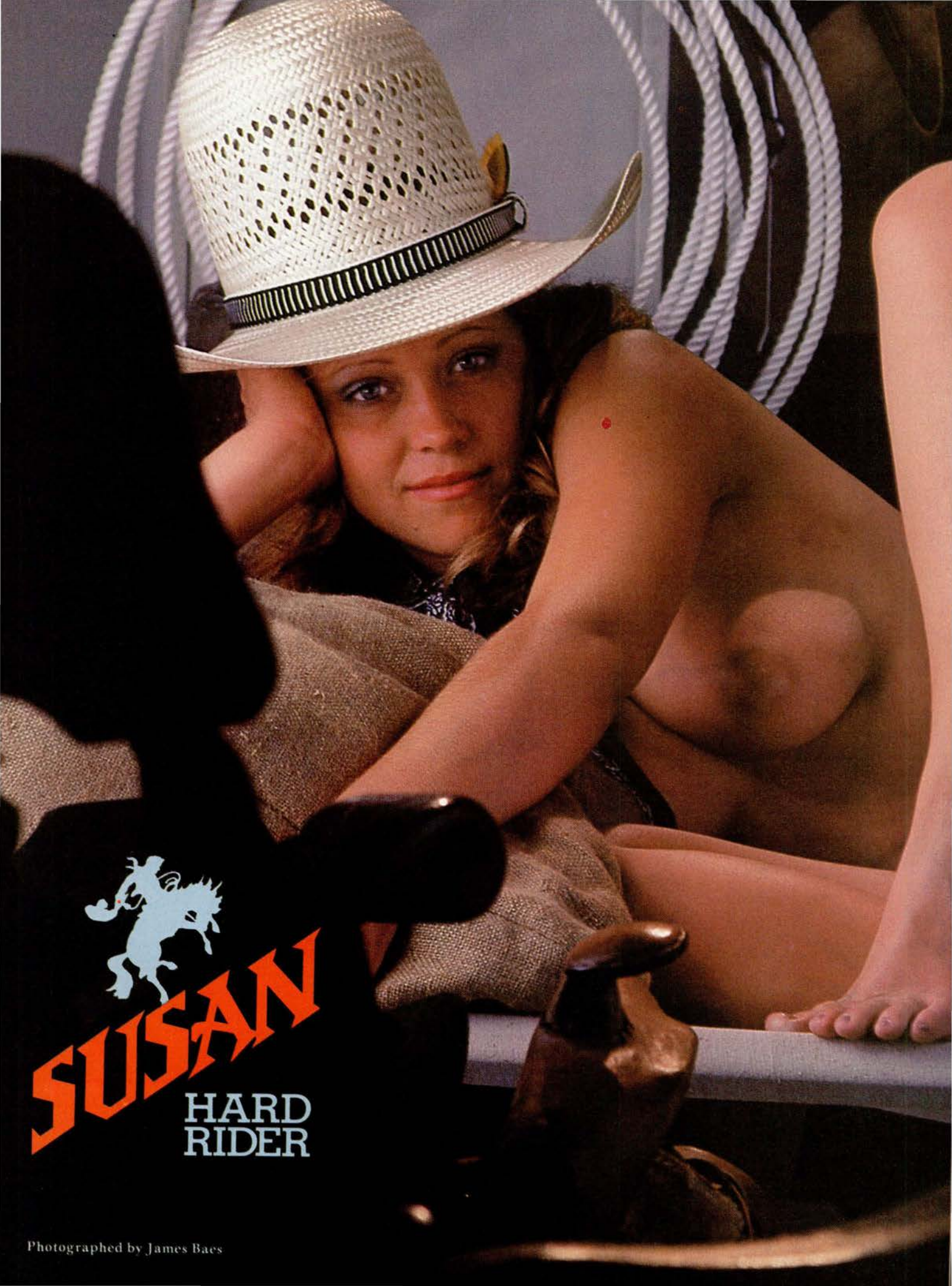
We will probably never know exactly whom it was that Hughes feared to the bizarre extent of stashing his piss: a recalcitrant CIA . . . a spurned Robert Maheu . . . a curious IRS . . . rival business interests . . . men within his own organization . . . ? All of these and many more were enemies or potential enemies of Howard Hughes. To allow his piss or shit to fall into their hands, thus arming them with a knowledge of his current health status, was one edge that cunning old poker player would never give to the guy across the table. It could give the other gambler the upper hand—and the pot.

Although it has often been stated since Hughes's death that the recluse wasn't playing with a full deck, it must be said in his defense that when it came to piss, Howard Hughes always had a full house.





"Now do you believe I'm a natural blonde?"



Photographed by James Baes



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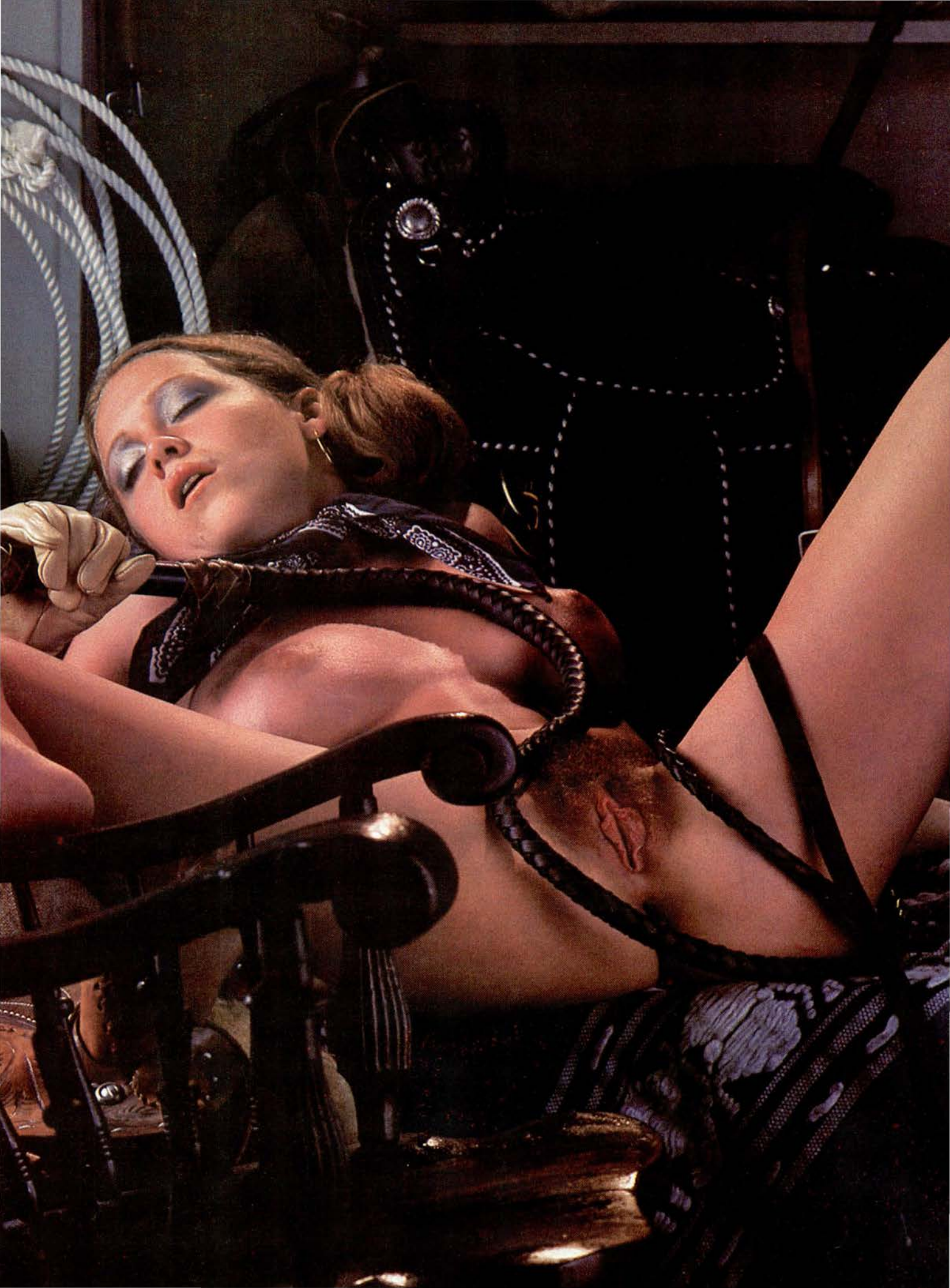
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Eighteen-year-old Kansas City native Susan James longs for the wild and wooly atmosphere her hometown had in the 1870s. She likes to think she may be the reincarnation of a dance hall girl who lived back then.

"Imagine having been one of a few girls in a saloon full of men who hadn't seen a woman for six months or a year," she told us. "All those lean, suntanned guys wearing boots, chaps and six-guns. Maybe it's a good thing I'm not a dance hall girl. The way I go crazy for cowboys, I'd never be able to take their money."

Needless to say, there are plenty of modern-day cowboys looking to corral Susan, but it doesn't take them long to learn she's one filly who can't be fenced in. Susan is free, restless and a little wild, and she likes her men the same way. Some men are even afraid of Susan. Someone should tell them that half the fun is getting back into the saddle after being thrown.



(continued from page 52)

municate" with the child. The intent of this law is to make adoption possible for children when they're not being properly supported. But there's also the suggestion, as one noted attorney pointed out, that "the father's obligation to pay for support is more pressing than his natural obligation to communicate with his children." In other words, the law reenforces the narrow stereotypical role of the father as "provider"—and only provider. It reenforces the prejudice that the mother's emotional contact with the child is somehow more important than the father's.

To demonstrate a different kind of injustice that men's rights groups have been squawking about, one merely has to glance at Social Security. Up until just recently the Social Security Act allowed payments to a "covered" widow with eligible children—but *denied* those payments to a man or widower. Finally, in 1975, that inequity was challenged. Mrs. Paula Wiesenfeld, a teacher covered under Social Security, died in childbirth, leaving her husband Stephen and their son as sole survivors. Wiesenfeld asked the government for the money his wife had paid into Social Security over the years she'd been teaching school. The government checked the records, then paid Wiesenfeld for his son, but not for himself: A woman's Social Security benefits could not be transferred to the widowed man.

Wiesenfeld was outraged. It was rampant sex discrimination. Finally a friend hooked him up with an aggressive local lawyer and together they sued the government, claiming that section 402 of the Social Security Act was unconstitutional.

In Illinois, a man guilty of incest gets a 20-year sentence, but for the woman the penalty is only 10 years.

Their brief challenged that men were treated differently than women and demanded that the government cough up benefits. Sure enough, the courts agreed. When the government appealed, the Supreme Court sided with Wiesenfeld. An era of blatant sex discrimination had finally ended.

But one battle doesn't conclude the war. And one war that men's rights activists continue to wage with increasing fervor concerns the area of crime and punishment. Explained Richard Doyle: "Men get shafted, from arrest to confinement. For example, if a man looks into a home while a woman is undressing, he's arrested for window-peeping. Reverse the situation, with the woman looking into a man's home, and the man will *still* be arrested—this time for indecent exposure. In Texas a man and a woman went skinny-dipping. The man was arrested, the woman wasn't. A women's prison is sometimes like a campus: complete with TV-equipped, furnished cottages. Men's prisons," charged Doyle, "are often like dungeons, with the prisoners caged like animals behind steel and concrete."

Take the crime of statutory rape. In West Virginia recently Arthur Hall, Jr., was convicted of screwing a female virgin of 13 years (or, in legal language, "nonforcible, nonmarital, carnal knowledge of"). He promptly received a prison term of from 10 to 20 years. Mind you, the "rape" was "nonforcible." Nevertheless, the man had committed a crime. But on hiring an attorney, he learned that the same crime when committed by a female—carnal knowledge of a male not her husband, under the age of 16—was classed simply as a misdemeanor and punishable by confinement of only two to six months.

The discrepancy was obvious. Two punishments fit one crime: one penalty for the female, a far more severe penalty for the male. But when the man appealed that the law was unconstitutional because it discriminated against men, the court disagreed. It stated that "there is a far greater likelihood of physical injury to a sexually immature female of thirteen than to a sexually immature male of thirteen." Undeniably, females run the added risk of pregnancy. But the court seemed to ignore the fact that young boys are as capable of being damaged and traumatized by very early sex as are young girls (*Hall* v. *McKenzie,* 1976).

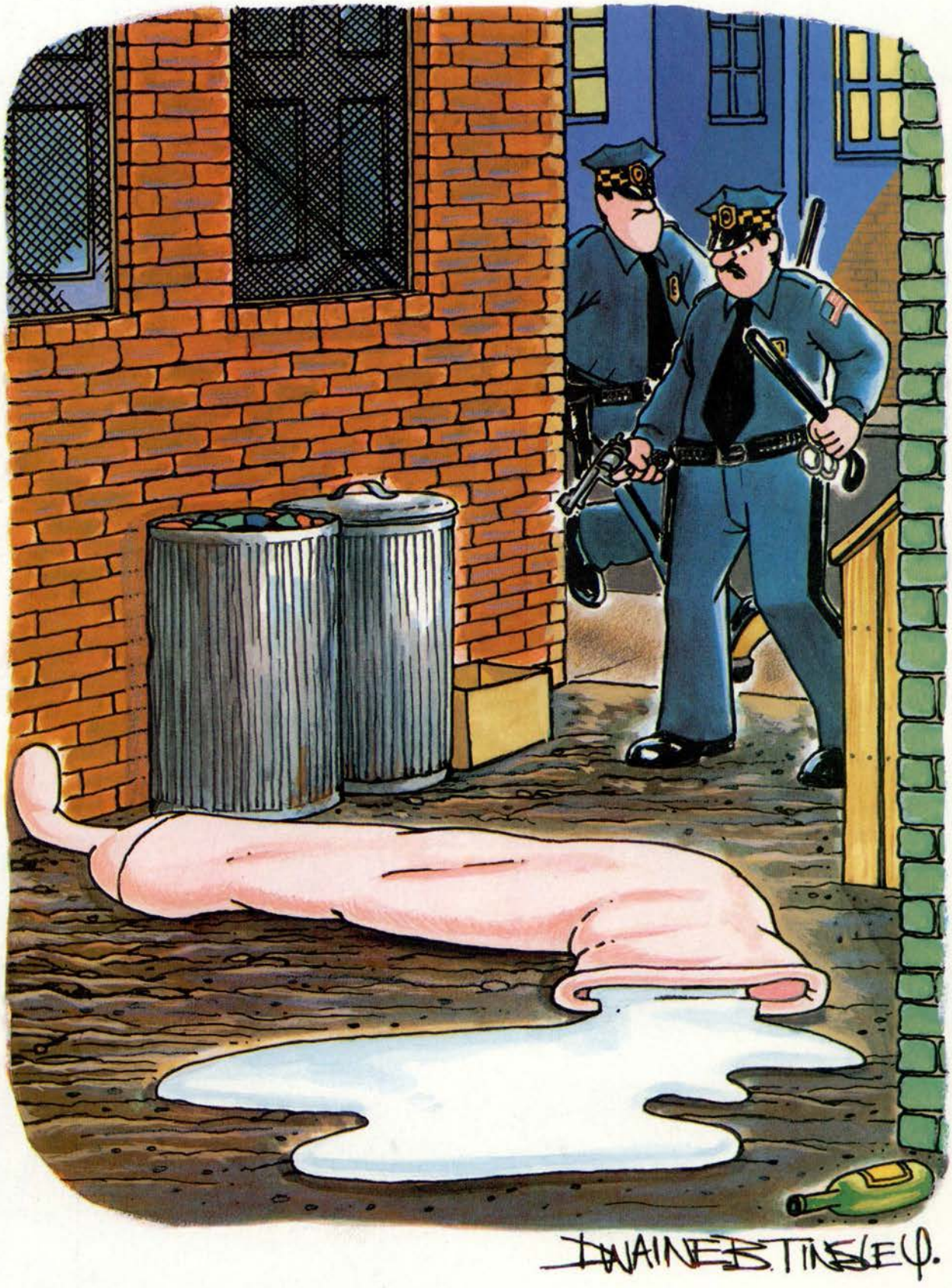
Thus, in numerous states men have objected to rape statutes that seem to pin the blame exclusively on men or that provide widely divergent penalties. Robert F. Gould, Jr., was convicted in Colorado of screwing a willing 12-year-old. When convicted of gross sexual imposition, he cried foul, since there was no law in Colorado that punished females for seducing underage males. The Colorado Supreme Court, however, nixed his objection (*People* v. *Gould,* 1975).

Similarly—in Arizona—a man named Mark D. Kelly sneaked into a woman's bedroom through the window, brandished a serrated steak knife and raped her. When convicted of rape, Kelly appealed, charging that Arizona's rape statute was unconstitutional because it punished men for rape but never women: "... The statutes make it a crime for a man to commit a sexual act upon a woman without her consent while a woman, however, who commits the same sexual act upon a man without his consent cannot be charged with the crime of rape."

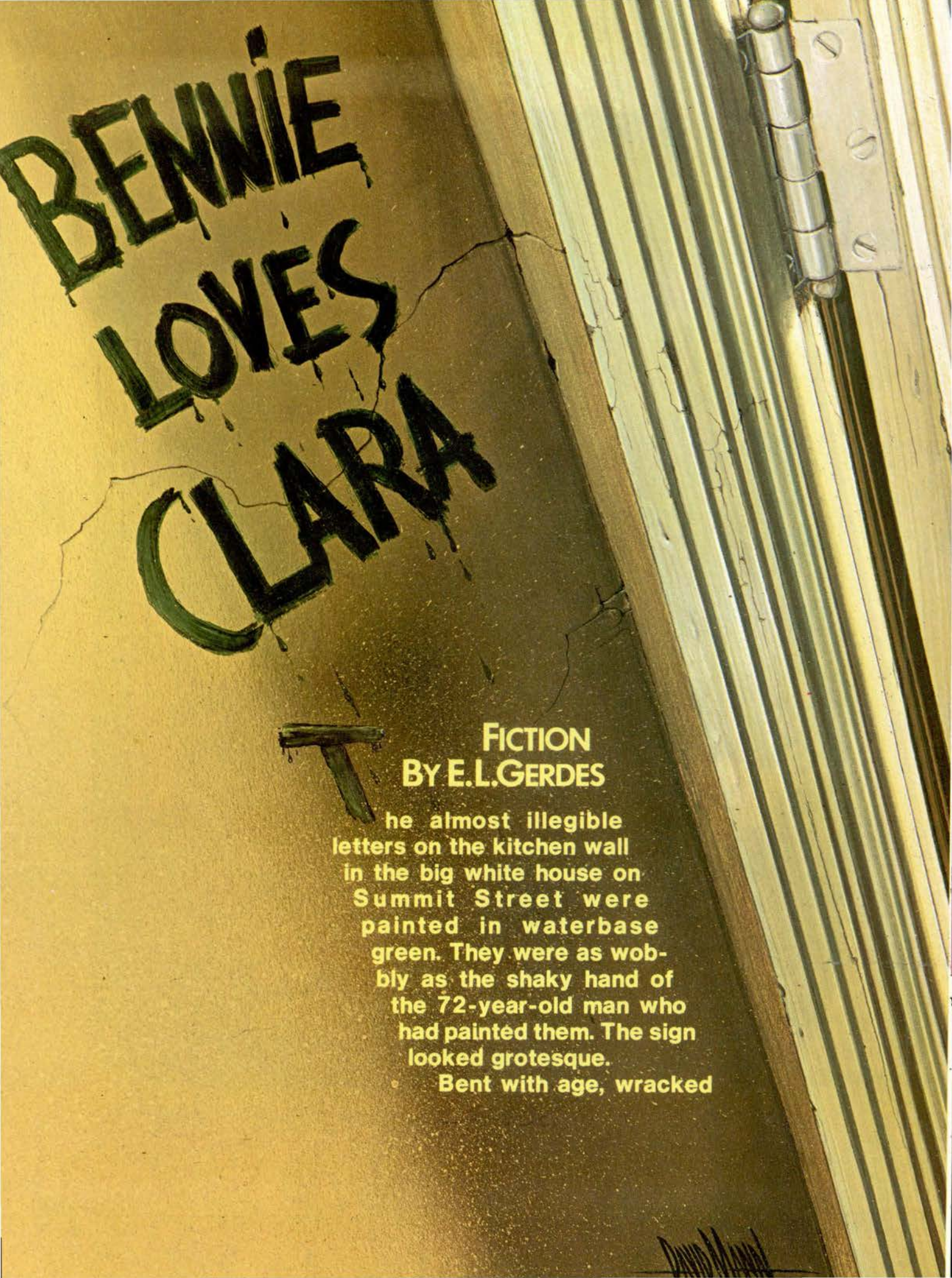
Nice try, Kelly, said the Arizona Supreme Court, but no dice. "The statute satisfies the real, if not compelling, need to protect potential female victims from rape by males," said the court. "However, for obvious physiological as well as sociological reasons we perceive no need by males for protection against females from rape which would be sufficient to demand legislative attention"

(continued on page 110)





"Hey, Sarge! I think I found what all that screaming was about!"



FICTION
BY E.L.GERDES

The almost illegible letters on the kitchen wall in the big white house on Summit Street were painted in waterbase green. They were as wobbly as the shaky hand of the 72-year-old man who had painted them. The sign looked grotesque.

Bent with age, wracked



with arthritis, Bennie was the victim of chronic alcoholism. He was drunk when he painted the sign. His intention was to show it to Clara, who at 68 looked like a mummy untombed.

She too was afflicted with arthritis and acute alcoholism. The only difference between Bennie's and Clara's physical and mental ailments was Clara's being bedridden with a heart condition.

"Bennie?" Clara's whiskey voice rasped. "Bennie? Where are you? Answer me!"

Bennie quaffed another shot of whiskey. As he swallowed, he braced himself, wrinkling his lined face. He sneezed, farted like a draft horse and grabbed the cluttered kitchen table for support as he began coughing. His chest and shoulders heaved spasmodically for a full three minutes before he recovered from the coughing spell. By that time he had forgotten about Clara's plea from the bedroom.

Bennie stood swaying before the small table, which was strewn with overflowing ashtrays, dirty glasses and dishes caked with weeks-old food. His arthritic fingers weaved like snakes as he searched the pockets of his gray shirt. The shirt had once been white. But now it was as soiled as his broken spirit.

Wearing slippers with worn-down heels, Bennie shuffled into the bedroom.

"Well, Clara. By God, there you are," he cackled. His trembling hands wiped water from his red eyes. "Goddamn, girl. Is that all the booze we got left?"

On the third try he managed to pinch a cigarette from a pack on the bedside table. His fingernails clicked audibly as he seized the cigarette. Once in his mouth, the cigarette became sodden with saliva. He struck the match four times before lighting it.

Clara tried to fix her gaze on Bennie's head. But her colorless eyes were unable to focus and seemed perpetually vacant. They had looked for too long a time at the misery around her.

It took Clara long minutes of agonizing movement to sit up on the edge of her bed. More long minutes to light a cigarette with tobacco-stained fingers.

"You'll have to go to the liquor store, honey," said Clara. "And get some cigarettes too." She waved through a cloud of smoke. "What time is it?"

"Jesus Christ, Clara. There's the goddamn clock right by you." Bennie sat beside Clara on the edge of the untidy bed. "You blind?" He dropped his cigarette into Clara's drink. "Goddamnit. Now look what I did, Clara. I put my cigarette in your drink."

"There's more whiskey, ain't there?" Her raspy voice rose in alarm.

"Yeah. Here, I'll pour you a drink in my glass. Anyways, I gotta sober up for the bus. It's nine-thirty . . ." he turned to look out the bedroom window, ". . . a.m. If I hurry I can make the ten-thirty bus and be back by noon." He looked closely at Clara. "How you feel, honey?"

"Terrible," said Clara. She opened her robe, revealing wrinkled, sagging breasts. "I got these pains in my chest all the time."

"I'll rub your tits," said Bennie. "That'll make 'em feel better." He began to gently massage her breasts.

"Oh, Bennie. Be careful. You know how easy I bruise there. Take it easy. For Christ's sake. Take it easy!"

"I ain't rubbin' hard. You're gettin' so's I can hardly touch you anymore, honey." He continued fondling her. Her robe fell off her bony shoulders onto the crumpled bed.

Clara dropped her cigarette into a large pail beside the bed. "Let me lie down, sweetheart." She lay across the bed, opening her legs as Bennie's gnarled, arthritic hands caressed her pubic patch. "Ummm, that's better, Bennie. That's much better." Her mouth opened slightly and she placed one hand on Bennie's back, rubbing it gently as she made noises in her throat. "Finger it, honey. Finger me!" She hooked her heels on the bed's railing. Feeling Bennie's fingers inside her, she said, "That's it, honey . . . yes . . . yes!"

Bennie stroked her slowly, then faster, as she responded in the way he'd come to know so well. Bennie rose and removed his trousers as Clara rolled onto her side. Bennie kneeled behind her on the bed. She seized his half-erect penis and stroked it to firmness.

"It's ready, Clara. Ol' Dick is ready."

Clara rolled onto her stomach. Bennie straddled her thighs, spread her buttocks and entered her asshole. He stroked to emission and withdrew quickly. Rolling onto his back beside Clara, he lay with his eyes closed.

* * *

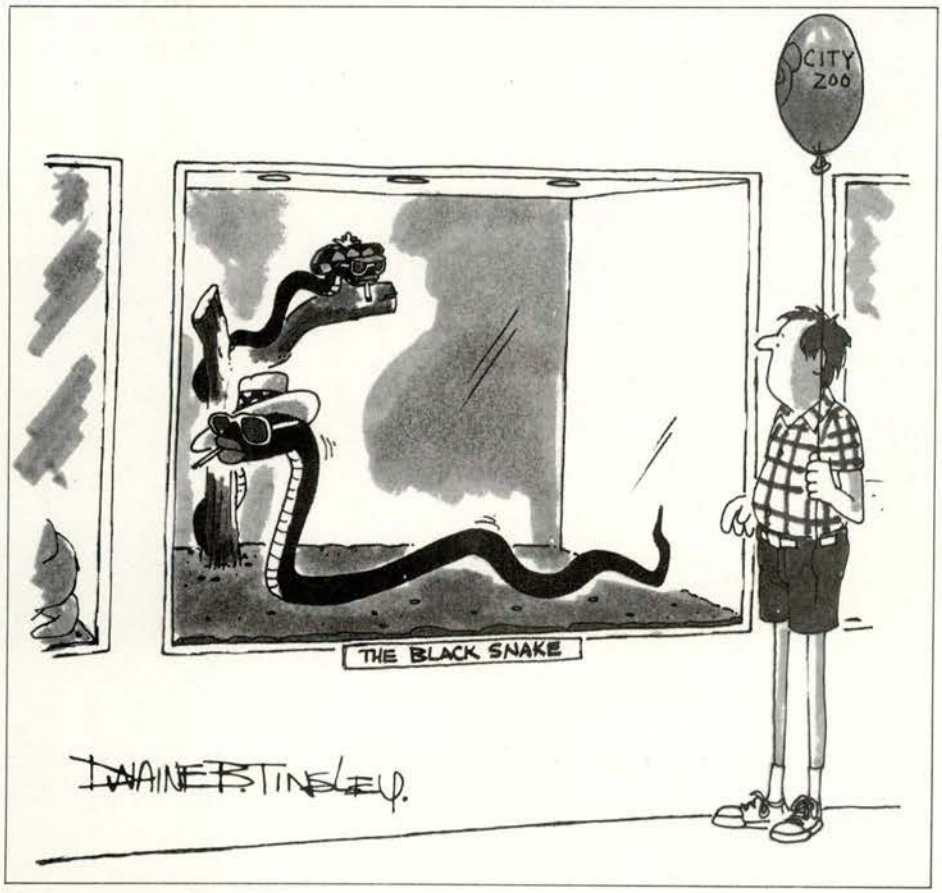
It was 1:30 p.m. before Bennie caught the bus to the liquor store. Three-thirty before he got back. He always sneaked a few drinks for the road.

"Clara, honey," Bennie shouted. "I'm home. Got a half-gallon of Canadian Mist, a twelve-pack of PBR, two cartons of Camels. . . . "

Entering the bedroom, he found Clara in tears. A bent, pathetic figure sitting on the edge of her bed. She had dropped her cigarettes and they lay on the floor between the bed and night table. She looked up at Bennie. Bennie felt guilty about being away for so long. He liked talking to the strangers he met in bars.

This afternoon he had gotten carried away by his own alcoholic tales of glory. Now, as he sat near Clara's side, patting her shoulder, he was faced again with ugly reality. "Aw, now, sweetheart," he said. "Did you miss me that much? You

(continued on page 102)





"Would you like a glass of piss to wash that down, sir?"





Photographed by James Baes

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Because she lives in the Queen City, 23-year-old Mara initially didn't want to tell her friends about her photo spread in HUSTLER. The Cincinnati resident was afraid that her openness and honesty would be misunderstood.

Eventually, she relented and is now glad to be a Honey. "What changed my mind was the fact that I've always been proud of both my body and sexuality, and posing just reaffirmed my belief." This type of healthy attitude is consistent with her whole lifestyle. For example, she's physically oriented, preferring to keep her body in shape, and perhaps that's the reason she likes "husky, well-built men, with tight asses and broad shoulders."

"But I *am* choosy," she states. "If a man can't carry himself erect with pride, or if he hesitates or mumbles during his approach, I turn my back on him immediately."

So remember, when you're sparring for Mara's affections, only a head-to-head approach will work.



(continued from page 94)

think I ran away? Me? Leave you? No way, lover. We made a deal in the nursing home, remember? We'd stay together 'til death do us part."

Clara shrunk from Bennie's patronizing hand. "Knock it off," she said. "Just give me my goddamn cigarettes. I'm having a nicotine fit!"

He lit her cigarette and poured her a drink. Talking with smoke in his mouth, he said, "Well, Jesus Christ. You surprised me there, girl. Here I thought you was bawlin' because you missed me . . . thought I'd been in an accident or something . . . and . . . hell . . . all you're bawlin' about is you dropped the goddamn smokes and are too goddamn lazy to reach down and pick them up. If that ain't a helluva note, Clara." He looked keenly at her, shaking his head.

"You've been gone all afternoon, Bennie. How come it takes you so long just to go to the liquor store?" She touched a withered hand to her mousy hair.

"Goddamnit, Clara. I have to wait for the bus, don't I? And, besides, I missed two buses 'cause my arms got tired carryin' the goddamn stuff. And I hadda go back in the store to set the booze down and rest. I couldn't set the goddamn stuff on the street, could I? Well, could I?" He threw his cigarette butt into the pail and immediately lit another smoke.

"I s'pose not," answered Clara, somewhat mollified. She felt relieved he was home again with more booze. No one had been there to cater to her whims and she had felt deserted. "Listen, honey," she said, "I'm sorry I hollered like that. I do miss you when you're gone. Rest a while." She patted his arm

Clara was the answer to an old convict's prison dream: a rich old woman who loved to be fucked in the ass.

with one hand while reaching for her drink with the other.

Bennie finished his drink, rose and walked around to his side of the rumpled bed. He lay down. "Remember how we met, Clara?"

"God, I was really miserable," said Clara. "I hated that shithole nursing home, and I was trapped. Like you were during those seventeen years in prison." She tossed the drink into her open mouth, dropped the short butt into the pail, then lay down beside Bennie. She placed her head on Bennie's shoulder. His left arm around her neck, Bennie fondled her breast as he talked with her. Clara placed her right hand on his cock, squeezing it gently. They lay with their eyes focused on a mirror near the foot of the bed, as if seeing a film of themselves as they talked.

"That's right, Clara," said Bennie. "Seventeen years. Seventeen years of long-suffering, motherfucking time. And I was innocent. I swear to Christ. I was innocent!" He pounded the bed with his right fist.

"Easy, honey," Clara said tenderly. "Remember what the doctor said about your heart." She patted his prick as though to burp it.



"What can I say? A last request is a last request."

"Yeah, I know. I ain't supposed to get excited. But goddamn. I didn't do it, Clara . . . I didn't, and the sonsabitches knew I didn't!" He fell silent for a long time, his mind recalling memories he couldn't forget, no matter how he tried.

* * *

The young boy stared, fascinated, at Bennie's erect penis as he and Bennie sat on a riverbank in a densely wooded area. When Bennie at last coaxed the youngster into sucking his cock, he forced it down the boy's throat, grasping the back of the boy's head as his semen shot into his mouth. Bennie had left the boy still sitting by the river. Later, however, the youngster was found floating facedown in the river. Strangled. A witness had seen Bennie and the boy walking under a trestle toward the river. He was sentenced to life in prison.

It wasn't innocence that secured Bennie's release 17 years later. It was a legal technicality. The psychiatrists and the police at the mental hospital where he had been confined prior to his trial had forced him to take a drug. After administering the drug, they had taped his oral confession.

It took 15 years for Bennie to find a sympathetic ear. A young law student visiting the prison talked with Bennie and became interested in his case. Several months later the law student was successful in pressuring the authorities to open an investigation. The new evidence that emerged was turned over to an attorney, who in turn took it to the state supreme court, which reversed Bennie's conviction on the murder charge. A few days later Bennie was released. The same lawyer then filed suit against the state in Bennie's behalf. These proceedings were still in progress when Bennie entered the nursing home where he met Clara.

* * *

Clara had been divorced and living alone in a huge house. Her daughter would come to shop for her, do the laundry and act indignant when her mother refused to enter a nursing home.

Clara had numerous properties: matured insurance policies, three houses and several other valuable real-estate holdings, all of which provided enough of an income to pay for private care.

Nurse after nurse had been summoned to Clara's bedside, but she was unwilling to cooperate with the medical help which had been retained for her care and comfort. All the care and comfort Clara wanted could be found in a bottle, and she took to her bed, where she began to drink herself into a state of mental and physical deterioration.

She would have succumbed to these maladies had her daughter not taken the

(continued on page 118)

How HUSTLER Changed My Life

By Gary Carey

Do you have an unusual story to tell concerning one of your own sexual encounters? If so, write it down and send it to HUSTLER's Kinky Korner, *the section of the magazine that is written by the readers, for the readers. We pay $100 for each such story we publish. Your submission should be approximately nine typed (double-spaced) or printed pages in length and accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.*



This is the true story of a relationship that started all because I purchased THE BEST OF HUSTLER #2. One Friday, after cashing my paycheck, I decided to spend my lunch break checking out the latest skin mags. I went into the local bookstore and was particularly taken by THE BEST OF HUSTLER #2 on the men's magazine rack.

The cover showed a big-titted woman kneeling on all fours, but it wasn't the pose so much as the model that caught my attention. She looked just like Melissa, my ex-wife. She had the same expression and the same smile—even the way her tits hung and her ass stuck out, ready for cock, reminded me of Melissa. My mind was flooded with memories. Doggy-style had been her favorite position.

I hadn't seen or heard from Melissa for a couple of years, but the memory of those hot nights in bed with her had my cock stretching the crotch seams of my pants to the limit. I would have liked nothing more than to have her sweet, hot tunnel milk my tool to a mind-blowing climax. I must have been pretty deep in reliving those moments because I hadn't even noticed the saleslady who had walked up to me.

She asked me if I'd like to purchase the magazine and smiled, obviously eyeing my bulging cock tent. I said I would, then followed her to the counter, trying to explain away the lump in my pants by telling her that the cover girl had reminded me of my ex-wife.

The saleslady agreed that the girl was very beautiful, and as she looked again at my hard-on, she said my ex and I must have been very close for me to become so "emotional." I explained that we had been married for seven years, but things just hadn't worked out.

As she rang up my purchase, I noticed that she had a nice body for a woman in her mid-30s. Her legs were long, she had a firm ass, and her well-filled blouse along with the outlines of her nipples pushing against the material revealed that she wasn't wearing a bra.

While she was putting the magazine into a paper bag, she told me that if I felt like talking to someone about my ex-wife, she would be off work at 5:30. I asked her out for dinner and drinks, and she accepted. On my way out she told me her name was Rose.

The afternoon seemed to drag on, and I wondered if she was really going to keep her date with me. At 5:00 I bolted from the office and hurried down to the bookstore. When I looked in the window and she smiled and waved to me, I knew that my fears were unfounded.

Inside, she told me that it would be better if she met me after work, since her boss didn't like to have people hanging around. We agreed to rendezvous at a nearby restaurant, and she told me to expect her about 15 minutes after she got off work. Before I left, she handed me a brown paper bag, thanked me as if I were a customer and turned around to sort a stack of new magazines.

When I got to the restaurant, I opened the bag and found a pair of sheer red panties and a note. Rose had written that she too had memories, and that she was looking forward to our sharing them. She said she had slipped her panties off to show me that she wasn't a tease. She also said that if I didn't want to go through with it, she'd understand.

Using a menu as cover, I held the panties under my nose and sniffed the rich fragrance Rose's cunt had left on them. I returned the panties and note to the sack, and sat watching the door as visions of being naked in bed with her filled my head.

After what seemed like hours, Rose entered—her tits bouncing freely as she made her way to the table. As she sat down, she told me she was glad I hadn't backed out, placing her hand on mine while pressing her leg up against my leg under the table.

She ran her fingers lightly over the bulge in my pants while we waited for her drink to arrive—then we toasted each other and made formal introductions. When she finished her drink, she said she'd like to go someplace where we could be alone.

I chugged down what was left of my drink, and we rushed to my car. Once inside, she unzipped my fly and pulled

Photo by Frank DeLia

out my throbbing ramrod. She told me she couldn't wait to suck it and feel it inside her. And as we drove to my apartment, she gently stroked it with her fingertips.

When we got into the apartment, she unbuttoned her blouse, pulled it off and let it drop to the floor. Her large breasts jutted out firmly and were peaked with beautiful nipples. I cupped them and kissed and nibbled on them as she undid my pants.

When I commented that she seemed pretty horny, she told me that she was my hot, cock-starved whore. I continued sucking her tits as I unzipped her skirt. Then I ran my hand through her hairy crotch, slipping two fingers into her squishy, wet hole. We were kissing passionately now, our tongues darting in and out of each other's mouths, when she suddenly broke the kiss and asked me to be good to her.

I only nodded and finished undressing. Then we pressed our naked bodies together and resumed our kissing as she leaned back against the wall and opened her legs enough to slip my cock between them along her silky slit. We stood like that for a long time without moving.

Then I told her we should go to bed so that I could kiss her all over, tongue her sweet cunt and then give her a nice, slow fuck. She kept her hand on my cock as we went to the bedroom. She hopped onto my bed and spread her legs wide as she lay on her back.

I climbed in beside her so that my cock was next to her face, and I started burrowing my mouth into her crotch. I began to taste and lap her cunt and clit, fingering her tight asshole, while she licked and chewed on my cock and balls. She had the juiciest cunt pie I had ever eaten. She was having her third climax by the time my cock and balls stiffened to their fullest as the jets of cum started shooting down her throat.

We lay side by side, kissing each other afterwards. I found that the taste of my own cum didn't bother me as I sucked her tongue into my mouth.

Rose was gently fondling my cock and I was playing with her tits when she asked if she could talk to me. I told her that was one of the reasons we had gotten together. She explained that she needed someone to talk to as much as she needed sex.

It seems that Rose and her husband Fred had gotten a divorce about a year before. She said that he had always been oversexed, and while he had taught her everything she knew, she learned some things from him that she wanted to forget. He had gotten kinky about sex and started bringing home different guys for her to screw or suck off while he watched. Then, Rose told me, Fred would call her a whore, beat her and even piss on her for enjoying someone else's cock. She said that it got worse and worse. Her husband began chaining her to the bed to beat her or make her watch while he sucked off some guy or fucked an old whore.

It finally came to an end when her husband started shoving things like Coke bottles and thick wooden dildoes up her cunt and ass. She said that on one occasion her husband was so cruel that she fainted while he was working her over. When she awoke, he was gone, probably afraid that she would file criminal charges against him. Although she hadn't seen Fred since, she said she had been leery about going out with other men. His sexual mistreatment had made her fearful of all men.

Thanks to HUSTLER, I began to pump slowly in and out of that tight opening.

Rose began crying, and I kissed her, promising to be gentle. Despite her weird story, I had another raging hard-on and rolled over on top of her, pressing the tip of my knob against her moist hole, inching it into her warm love pit. She raised her hips and shoved her cunt against my member until I was all the way in. She began humping frantically, wanting me to fuck her hard.

I held tightly against the bed until she had calmed down, and told her I wanted to make love to her, not just fuck her cunt. Then I kissed her and began to work my cock slowly in and out of her snatch. She relaxed and hooked her legs over my pumping ass. She told me how good it felt as I concentrated on giving her pleasure. She climaxed twice more. And when I shot my load into her hot, soupy cunt during the second of these climaxes, I could tell she was thrilled that I had come at the same time she did.

Panting and out of breath, we lay together kissing as her cunt muscles continued milking my rod. She told me that she had never climaxed with her husband or any other man before.

Later, when I got out of bed to go to the bathroom, she offered to let me piss on her. I told her that no one was ever going to piss on her again. I took a long-overdue piss and felt like a new man. When I turned around, Rose was standing at the door. She said with a laugh that it was her turn and sat on the john. I watched as a torrent of piss and cum poured from her crotch into the toilet. She looked so lovely, with a smile that made her face beam almost like a teenager's.

We returned to the bedroom and lay down again. Then she told me there was something she would like for me to do to her if I wouldn't be offended. I told her I was ready for anything, and when she said she wanted me to fuck her in the ass, I was glad to comply.

She rolled over onto her belly and lifted her ass up in the air. She looked back at me and smiled as I fingered her asshole to prepare this rear passage for my cock. Then I pressed the tip of my cock against her browneye and encouraged her to relax. When the head of my shaft wormed into her hot, tight bunker, she let out a moan. She seemed to loosen up, and my rod slipped in to the hilt.

I held that position for a second to allow her stretched asshole to get used to the feeling. Then I began to pump slowly in and out of that tight opening. She humped upward each time I pushed my cock into her. I slipped my hand under her belly and began to rub her twat, shoving three fingers into it as I massaged her clit with my thumb.

My cock and fingers began to work in unison—and before long I had to remove my fingers from her cunt and hold onto her hips as my body shook with a tremendous climax. She got off at the same time, and we collapsed on the bed as her ass muscles squeezed the last drops of semen from my prick.

We got up and climbed into the shower, playing under the spray like kids. We took turns lathering each other's body, stopping occasionally to hug and kiss. Then we returned to bed and fell asleep in each other's arms.

The next day Rose moved in with me. So far everything is working out wonderfully. We're both getting all the sex we need—when we need it—and we can talk to one another without worry. We understand each other's needs.

I still have the copy of THE BEST OF HUSTLER #2 that brought us together. Sometimes Rose pretends to be Melissa and does all the things I enjoyed when I was married. Or sometimes I pretend to be Fred—but without all the rough stuff.

Thanks to HUSTLER, I met someone really special to share life with.

BEAVER HUNT

November is the month in which the trees lose their leaves. We hope it is also the month in which your lady will imitate nature by becoming undraped for *Beaver Hunt.* You see, women, unlike trees, get better when they get naked. Besides, if you get involved with a tree, you'll have only elm blight and splinters to show for it. By taking your girl's picture for *Beaver Hunt,* on the other hand, you can get close to nature and rake in some long green at the same time.

Send us a sharply focused color photo—no black and whites, please—of your favorite nude model along with a short personality profile. Coax her to be as candid as possible, and be sure to fill out the model release form on page 111. All photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry to *Beaver Hunt,* 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

The coveted HUSTLER Beaver Hunter's license will be awarded to everyone who sends us a photo, and if we publish your honey's picture you'll receive a $50 contributor's fee. If your lady is chosen as Best Amateur Beaver by a panel of HUSTLER staffers, she may be offered a chance to appear in one of HUSTLER's pictorial spreads. If we decide to feature her in the magazine as one of our Honeys, she'll receive a $1000-$1500 professional modeling fee. So take her picture—and let nature take its course.

Photo by W. H. Bonelli



Beachmont, Massachusetts, is the home of 24-year-old model Peggy O'Neal. A swimmer in her spare time, Peggy dreams of making it with two guys in a pool.

Photo by Stacey Plotts



An outdoor woman, Mary Jane B. of Leavittsburg, Ohio, especially enjoys horseback riding. The 18-year-old restaurant hostess dreams of making love on a tropical beach.



Photo by Reggie Warren

Student nurse Denise E. Stewart, 21, of Washington, D.C., dreams of riding through the night with a beautiful man on a motorcycle. She spends her spare time playing tennis, dancing and enjoying one-on-one parties.

Photo by Jim F.

Housewife Ellen Boone of Brunswick, Georgia, likes to spend her spare time lying in the sun and partying. Ellen, 20, fantasizes about nothing but the best—doing a nude layout in HUSTLER.



Photo by Ben F. Boone



Twenty-eight-year-old Mary Lou Herbert has been posing nude for her husband for ten years and says that's what keeps their marriage alive. A housewife and seamstress in McCutchenville, Ohio, Mary Lou loves wearing sexy clothing and undies. She dreams of starring in an art film with a virile man.

Photo by Joe White



Euless, Texas, is the home of Debra White, 22-year-old mother of twins. Raised amid the tall tales of Texas, she likes to imagine that she's an "Old West hooker with clients like Clint Eastwood."

Twenty-eight-year-old Sandy Rohlf would love to get it on in a mirrored bedroom. Sandy, a housewife in Minneapolis, likes gardening and fishing, and (as you can see) loves to pose nude.



Photo by Ron Rohlf



Photo by Mike Notestone

Being an advertising manager and art director keeps 27-year-old Aimee Notestone of Lancaster, Ohio, busy, but she still finds time to wash cars and choppers. Aimee longs to be the personal property of the roughest biker around, who would ball her anytime he wants, preferably in front of his friends while inviting them to join in.



Photo by Mike Notestone

Erica Ross, 21, of Opa-Locka, Florida, dreams of being ravaged by three gorgeous, big-titted lesbians while her husband watches. A housewife, Erica enjoys posing nude, cooking exotic meals and—of course—masturbating to HUSTLER.

Gabrielle Serraglio doesn't spend all her time in the house. This 30-year-old Lancaster, Ohio, beauty likes to knock off from work to go hunting and fishing. We're game if she is.



Photo by Norman Ross

Photo by R. Skip Broadnax



Cecillia Broadnax, 25, of Denver, Colorado, enjoys a variety of hobbies including listening to music, playing tennis, swimming and having sex. Cecillia is a dancer whose favorite fantasy is making love with two men at the same time.

Photo by James Coleman



Denise Craycraft fantasizes about sex in unusual places, such as crowded elevators and subways. Denise, 26, hails from Lexington, Kentucky, where she's a dancer.

CB-radio enthusiast Joy Raley of Mineola, Texas, likes all kinds of spectator sports. The 44-year-old assembly-line worker fantasizes about posing nude for a group of men, or someday making it with Rock Hudson.



Photo by Bob Lewis



Photo by M. M.

Motorcycle riding, backpacking, camping and partying are Kathy Pence's hobbies. The 20-year-old student of police science from Rhinelander, Wisconsin, fantasizes about being "fucked to death" by a strange woman who has just picked her up.

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(*State* v. *Kelly*). At least the court was willing to consider Kelly's appeal.

Men have also argued that incest laws discriminate unfairly against men. Thus, in Illinois if a man is guilty of incest he gets slapped with a maximum prison sentence of 20 years, but for a woman the penalty is only 10 years.

While men's rights groups respect the law and courts, they are not beyond deliberate defiance when extralegal measures seem necessary. For instance, the Minnesota Men's Rights Association (MRA) recently admitted it was heavily into the child-rescue game. "If the goddamn courts won't enforce their own [custody] orders, we'll do it for them," vowed fiery Richard Doyle, who cited the notorious Seward Mellon case (the father "kidnapped" his children from the mother). "Our experienced operatives snatch these kids back to where they belong, fast and clean," continued Doyle. "We charge a fee, of course—that's how we finance our struggle to gain equal rights for men." Though Doyle refused to give an exact figure for the fee, it's reportedly around $1000 plus.

Somewhat less sensational strategies have placed men's rights activists in court seeking to bypass ineffective or corrupt legal counsel by providing sound, low-cost advice. The MRA offers divorce counseling that, it claims, can save men about $5000 plus their children.

Such tactics, naturally, don't always meet with judicial approval. The Minnesota Bar Association was so enraged at Doyle's meddling in its business that it sued him for "practicing law without a license" and even managed to hang a 30-day jail sentence over his head for contempt of court—because he refused to open the MRA's files to the Bar Association's probers.

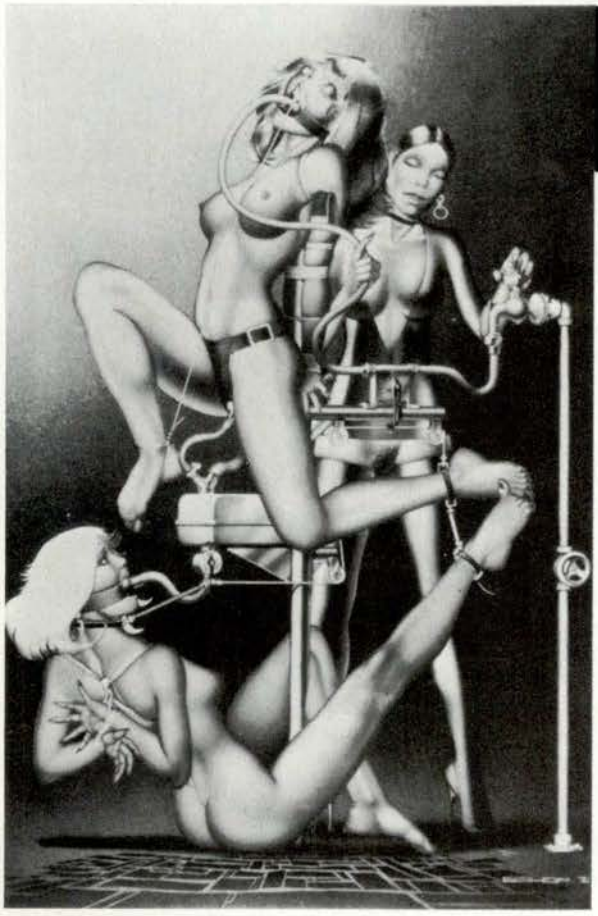
Doyle, unsurprisingly, snorted at the charge: "The suit is typically self-serving, initiated as a reaction to our success in breaking up their divorce racket. . . . You're damn right I'm in contempt of court, and I'll stay there until they straighten it out." A similar service is provided by Thomas Alexander, head of a Delaware men's rights group called Male Parents for Equal Rights.

Alexander—who, like Doyle, is not a lawyer—faces a jail term for rendering legal advice without a license to men in divorce and custody battles. Ironically, Alexander himself now can't afford a lawyer to fight the "powers that be" in Delaware.

And both the American Civil Liberties Union and the Legal Aid Society have just turned down his request for counsel due to "conflict of interest" problems with the Delaware Bar Association. "This attack by the Bar Association," declared Alexander, "is essentially an attack on First Amendment rights in our domestic relations courts, where the shabbiness of treatment must cause Justice herself to hang her head at the very shame."

Technically, of course, Alexander and nonattorneys like him have no legal right to practice law. But their point is well taken. Men cannot rely on disinterested lawyers to protect and pursue their rights. Too often these lawyers have vested interests, financial or otherwise. And too often men get crudely shafted when they wander naively into domestic relations courts in hopes of fair and just decisions regarding their wives, their children and their money.

Doyle modestly summarized himself and his book, *The Rape of the Male*: "Finally someone had the guts to expose women's lib as BULLSHIT! and to prove that men get screwed far worse than women in today's society and legal system. Finally someone, without pulling punches, told men how to counter institutional prejudice and avoid lawyer rip-off in divorce. We may never catch up to women's lib. But let the word go forth: The battle is joined!"



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could go find me another group tomorrow. Nobody else can't but I can, 'cause I'm the only one that knows what to look for.

"Billy Craddock, I heard him in a little club over in Greensboro, knew he had it, so I took him to Nashville and nobody would record him. I paid for the session myself. I couldn't get nobody to take it, but finally I leased it to Chart Records. I've since been offered twenty thousand dollars for those masters. I give 'em back to Craddock. What do I need twenty thousand dollars for? Buy another home? I've got four of 'em already. I just wanted to help somebody get started that I knew could make it.

"Conway Twitty, I heard my wife playin' an old album of his. I went and found him out in Oklahoma City, told him I'd give him six hundred fifty dollars a night. Second night I used him was in Memphis. George Jones was supposed to be the headliner, but he didn't show. I went out and said, 'George hasn't let me down 'cause I had a contract with him whether he showed or not. But he's let you people down, the ones who's bought his records and been his fans all these years.' Pretty soon I had 'em hollerin', 'We don't want the son of a bitch!' I said, 'Then I got somebody here I think you *will* want. He's been a rock 'n' roll singer, but from now on he's singin' country.' Conway blowed the roof off, saved the show, and I knew he had it. So I got him out of Oklahoma City and made him a star. He's another one that gives me my dates before anybody else.

"Then there's Charley Pride. Jack Johnson [Pride's manager at the time] asked me how to do it. I said, 'You got a black man who sings like a white man. Talk about creatin' somethin' different! That's about the most unique thing we've ever had. But don't put him out there right now at seven hundred fifty dollars a night. Wait until he gets big and can get it all.' What so many of 'em do is fill a demand before it's even created. They get one record and then let those Nashville agencies run their asses off for four hundred dollars a night. By the time they get up to where they could ask four thousand, they've burned out. What they got to do is stay out of the big auditoriums and work in clubs until they've created enough demand. This is what I told Buck Owens. He moved in with me for a week and I told him how to be a star—what to do and, more important, what *not* to do. Buck listened and he made it. Jack Johnson listened and Pride made it. I told the same thing to Carl and Pearl Butler when they hit with 'Don't Let Me Cross Over.' But they didn't listen—and I doubt they've ever got a thousand a night.

"Ray Griff—I had him on a show and he jumped out into the audience. I wouldn't book him no more. Several years later he asked me to put him on another show. I said, 'The only way I'll do it is for you to let me tell you what to do, right down to pickin' the songs you sing.' He went out and got an encore. I kept on usin' him and he kept on gettin' encores. Conway saw what was happenin' and hired him. Three months later he was back jumpin' off the stage. Conway called and cussed me out. Conway let Griff go and I ain't seen him for years. As far as I know, he's still jumpin' off stages. And still gettin' two hundred fifty a night. He couldn't do it without me.

"I can tell you who's got it, who ain't, who's gawn make it, who won't, *why* they will or won't make it. 'Cause I study people. I know if they got somethin' the audience wants. And I know how to get it out of 'em. I know how to get things out of 'em they don't even know they have in themselves! Sonny Osborne [of the Osborne Brothers] always said the golden years of country music was when I was runnin' my Country Shindigs. And he's right."

"Carlton made Bobby and me a half-million dollars," says Sonny. "It sure was the golden years for us. Carlton is a mixture of many, many things. Like many successful people, he has a definite genius, but also a definite degree of eccentricity. He's had about a million ideas that haven't worked, but the few that have worked have offset all the others. Most of what he says is *based* on fact, but he gets his details confused sometimes. He doesn't do it intentionally, but he either *believes* what he says is true, or else *wants* it to be true so much that he often tells it like it *is* true. But when he claims he caused the boom in country music and single-handedly resurrected bluegrass music, he's entirely within his rights."

Conway Twitty adds to these remarks. One of country music's biggest stars and also a good friend of Haney, Twitty too has said he takes many of the promoter's words with a grain of salt. Country boys like to tell good stories—and Carlton's are some of the best.

* * *

There is nothing in Haney's formative background to indicate he would someday be country music's number one impresario, star maker and wheeler-dealer. He was born 48 years ago in the nondescript hamlet of Reidsville, North Carolina, a little place just south of the Virginia line. There everyone, it seemed, was in either tobacco or cotton. He achieved only a perfunctory high-school education, and upon graduation went to work in a battery plant.

While attending a dance in nearby Danville, Virginia, he became enamored of Bill Monroe's daughter and, through her, met Monroe. "He asked me if I'd ever booked any shows," says Carlton. "I told him I hadn't. He said, 'I'll show you how.' The shows did well and he asked me to come to Nashville with him. I went out there for two years in the early '50s and nearly starved. I came back here and in 1955 met Reno and Smiley, and they

(continued on page 117)

HUSTLER BEAVER HUNTER MODEL RELEASE

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 105). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunters Contest, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

Model's Name

Address

Age Phone

Photographer

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary.

Send prize to: ☐ Model ☐ Other

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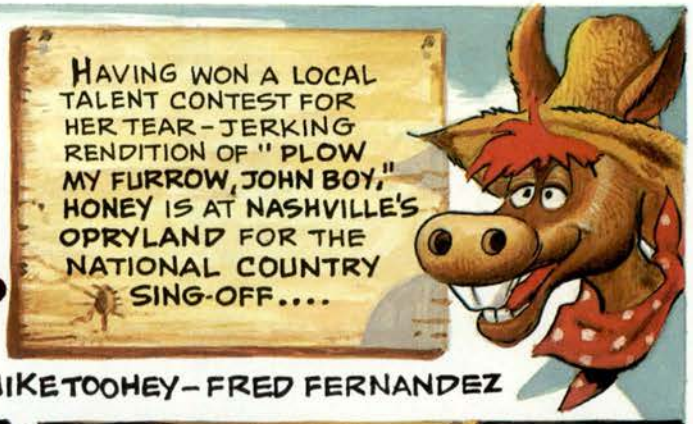
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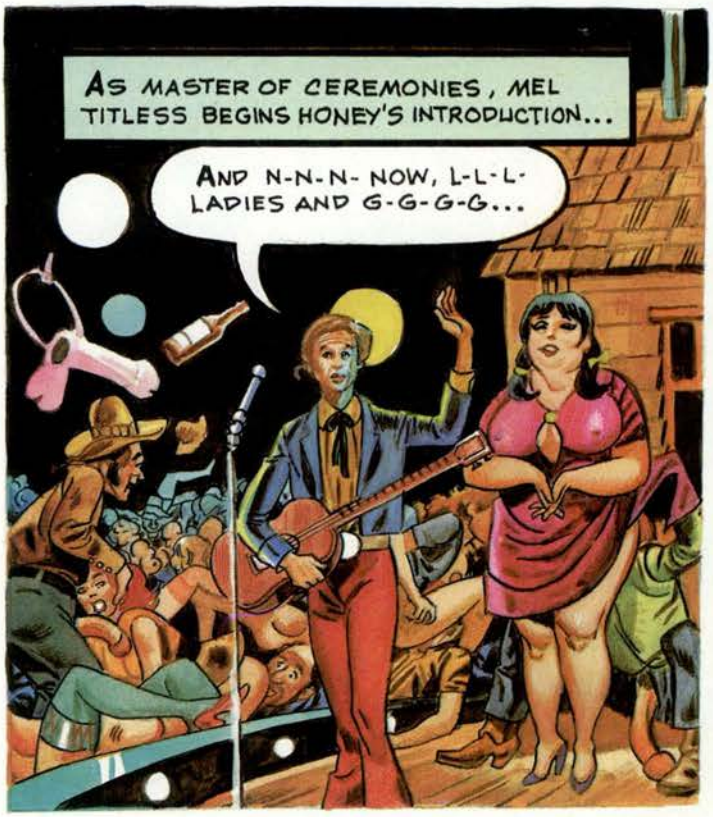
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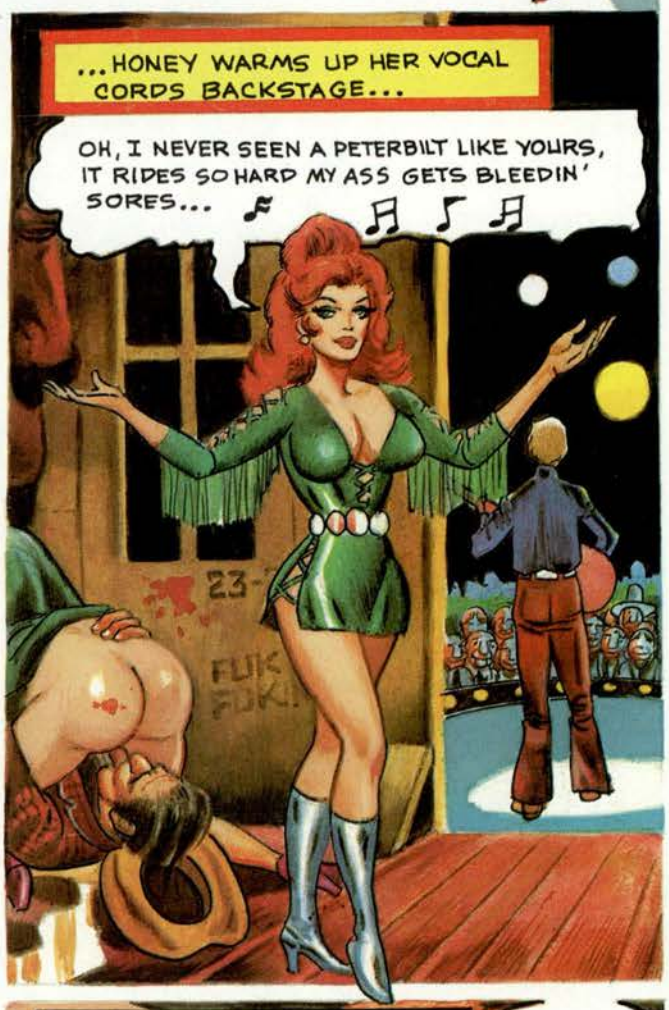
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...HONEY HAS COATED HER VOCAL CORDS--AND HER CHIN -- WITH JIZZUM!
-M-M-M-MISS-H-H-H-HONEY...
PLOP!
...HOOKER!!
TEARS ON MY PILLOW, PAIN IN MY SNATCH, I WOULDN'T A FUCKED THAT NEGRO IF I'D A KNOWN WHAT I'D CATCH...
NATIONAL COUNTRY MUSIC SING OFF
THE CROWD EATS IT UP, AND BY THE END OF HER SONG THERE ARE NO DOUBTS ABOUT WHO WON THE CONTEST!
...SO DARLIN', PLEASE FORGIVE ME, AN' OPEN UP THE DOOR, I PROMISE WHEN THE DISCHARGE STOPS, I'LL BE YOUR PRIVATE WHO-O-O-R-R-R-E!
SINGS LIKE A DAMN ANGEL!
WHAT'S THAT ON'ER CHIN?
COOL


AS A WINNER OF THE SING-OFF, HONEY IS AWARDED $1000 IN CONFEDERATE MONEY, A LIFETIME SUPPLY OF MAIL POUCH AND A ONE-WEEK GIG AT COWPIE'S, THE HIPPEST HONKY-TONK IN MUSIC CITY!
MISS LINT, C'N AH HAVE YER AUTO-GRAPH?
SURE, DARLIN'. HOW D'YA MAKE AN "X" AGAIN, DOO?
HEY, YORE CHARLIE PRIZE, AIN'T CHA?
I'M NOT SURE. WE ALL LOOK ALIKE!
JUST SCRATCH MAH NIPPLE. AH CAN'T REACH IT!
DOLLY PONTOON, GAWD DAWG! I'D SURE LIKE T'MAKE YOU YODEL!
...WITH A COAT HANGER, AND A LOTTA PAIN, THAT CHILD OF OURS WENT DOWN THE DRAIN...
FOR SIX STRAIGHT NIGHTS, HONEY KNOCKS 'EM DEAD...
...DADDY DON'T LIKE YA 'CAUSE YOU'RE A JEW, HE SAYS THE SAVIOR'S BLOOD'S ON YOU, HE SAYS THE KLAN IS GONNA BUST YER NO-O-O-S-E...
HOWDY! AH'M JOHNNY GASH!
YUP, IT'S NONE OTHER THAN THE MAN IN PINK HIMSELF, JOHNNY GASH--KNOWN AROUND TOWN AS "SUE"--COME TO HEAR HONEY SING...
...HE SAID, "GIRL, IF YOU WANNA BE A SINGER, YER GONNA HAFTA LET ME DIP MY STINGER OH, I GOT THE CASTING COUCH BLU-U-U-E-S"...
GIVE THIS INVITATION TO THE SINGER. I WANT HER TO COME TO MAH PARTY!
BACKSTAGE...
LATER...
GEE, I HOPE THIS DRESS ISN'T TOO SKIMPY! A LOT OF THESE COUNTRY MUSIC TYPES ARE PRETTY RELIGIOUS...
KNOC
KNOC


SUR-PRIZE! SUR-PRIZE!
HOWDY DO, HONEY! GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT! YOU FEEL LIKE ENTERTAININ' US?
UH, SURE. WHAT SHALL I SING?
217
OH, SILVER THREADS AN' GOLDEN SHOWERS...
THIS LADY'S GOT A GOOD VOICE, BUT SHE'S GOT A BETTER C-C-C-CRACK!
AH HEAR THE TRAIN A COMIN', IT'S ROLLIN' DOWN THE TRACKS...
SLUPP!
JUST HUM FOR NOW!
AND SO IT GOES, FAR INTO THE NIGHT, AS HONEY'S DRIPPING DEWPOT EARNS HER THE OFFER OF...
A CHANCE T' SING BACKUP ON MAH NEW RECORD. C'N YOU MAKE A NOISE LIKE AN EIGHTEEN-WHEELER WITH A FLAT?
SHE SURE CAN! LISTEN, SHE'S DOIN' IT NOW!
SHAFLOP
SHAFLOP
SHAFLOP
BUT HONEY DECIDES TO PUT HER PUSSY TO MORE PRACTICAL USE...
SORRY, FELLAHS! IF I'M GONNA MAKE A LIVING WITH MY CUNT, IT AIN'T GONNA BE BY FARTING THROUGH IT!
NEXT MONTH, HONEY TAKES ON A TRIBE OF RAUNCHY REDSKINS.

(continued from page 111)

asked me to book 'em. I set up the first early-mornin' country music TV show in Roanoke, Virginia, with 'em. I could book a lot of acts in the area 'cause I could give 'em the opportunity to be on TV. In 1964 Reno and Smiley split, leavin' me with no one to work with.

"I had been studyin' bluegrass music for nine years. I knew what made Chubby Wise's fiddle playin' different from Benny Martin's and what made Benny's different from Bobby Hicks's, all those little things. I could even tell when one musician had *loaned* his instrument to someone else and he was playin' without his usual instrument. So I decided to put on the first bluegrass festival. Nobody had ever done anything like it for Bob Wills, Louis Armstrong, Tommy Dorsey. I wanted to do it for Bill Monroe, to honor the man that created bluegrass music. I rented some land outside Roanoke and hired fourteen bands, every one that could play bluegrass at that time except for the Osbornes. I had a thousand people in three days. Everybody said it was OK for a one-time thing, but it could never be duplicated. I said, 'You just watch me.'

"My second festival is still said to be the greatest ever. That's the one where I made the stage move. It was the first time Bill Monroe and the Osbornes had ever sung together. When it was over, Sonny Osborne was cryin' so hard I had to come lead him offstage. I turned around and there was one tear rollin' down Monroe's cheek. I wrote a story about it and said, 'How many years, how many miles, how many memories, how many heartaches went into that tear? Bill Monroe's whole life was captured in one teardrop.'

"How often have you heard it said that the day of the individual is over, that one man can't do nothin' by himself no more? There's over three hundred bluegrass festivals in this country and Canada each year. There's five thousand musicians where before there were only fifty. A man came up to me at my first festival and said, 'Those poor men up there with their banjos, fiddles and mandolins, tryin' to hold on to a dyin' art. I actually feel sorry for 'em.' Now there's a whole world knows about this dyin' art. Why? Because *one man* run that first festival.

"In 1965 I rented the Coliseum in Winston-Salem and put on the first Country Shindig. I took in eighteen thousand dollars, cleared six thousand dollars and the news hit Nashville like a bomb. I went to Knoxville, Greenville, Asheville, Chattanooga, all over, settin' up shows in those buildin's. Just like the festivals, everybody in Nashville said it couldn't be done twice. Even the artists laughed at me when they found out. One day I understand they were all sittin' around sayin' that I couldn't pull it off when Lucky Moeller [a former Nashville talent agent who handled Waylon Jennings early in the singer's career] said, 'You know, we're all sittin' here tellin' each other Haney can't do it. But has anybody told *Haney* he can't do it?' See, nobody had ever told *me* it couldn't be done. Not knowin' any better, I went ahead and did it.

Haney has a remarkable, almost psychic, ability to foresee music trends. He's to bluegrass what Ringling was to the circus.

"In Memphis I went to the Mid-South Coliseum. The man said, 'You got the wrong place.' I said, 'I want to rent it three dates.' He said he'd rent me one date and put a hold on the other two. I said, 'I'm gawn rent the other two dates if I don't have but a hundred people.' The first date was the one where [George] Jones didn't show. I thought, *I'm down the tube in this town before I even put on the first show.* But Conway saved it and the next two were sellouts.

"I went to Oklahoma City and they wouldn't even rent me the buildin'. Conway was with me and this was his hometown and he really wanted to play it. He got so mad I thought I'ze gawn have to hold him. We got outside and he said, 'You mean they treat you like this everywhere?' Philadelphia, they were as nice as could be, but when I said I wanted to bring a country music show in there, they treated me like I was crazy.

"But by the time I quit in 1972 I had thirty-seven cities from Philadelphia to Oklahoma City, runnin' one hundred forty-three shows a year, buyin' a million dollars' worth of talent. Loretta Lynn said I fed Nashville for five years. Once I got goin', Ringlin' Circus didn't even want to book near me. I was outdrawin' everythin'. One man flew down from Chicago to one of my shows. He said, 'Every time I try to book an act, they're working for you. I wanted to see if Carlton Haney really existed!' "

* * *

Haney's existence today is a little more subdued (if such a word can be used to describe him) than the glory years of the 1960s and early '70s. With his remarkable, almost psychic, ability to foresee trends, he began phasing out country shows and going full bore into bluegrass about six or seven years ago. Now he presides over the hottest musical phenomenon in America. "I'm to bluegrass what John Ringlin' North was to the circus," he claims.

It was also about this time that most country entertainers began wearing out their welcome with Carlton. "What happened was that I created a monster that I couldn't control no more," he says. "The acts got bigger and bigger and kept raisin' their prices to where I couldn't afford 'em. They started askin' eight, ten, twelve thousand a night, plus a percentage on top of that. I wasn't gawn pay more than four thousand dol-

(continued on page 124)



"Ve haff vays of making you talk."

(continued from page 102)

firm step of appointing the family's bank as trustee of Clara's estate and then having her committed to the nursing home.

The bank sent Clara a weekly check of $15, the sum they felt sufficient to purchase the limited vices the nursing home allowed—namely cigarettes and a few cosmetics.

Clara tried to revolt at first, but to no avail. When she finally realized she was trapped, she resigned herself to an inevitable release through what she hoped would be an early and merciful death.

Then came Bennie.

Bennie and Clara frequently dined together in the nursing home's dining hall. And at night in the darkened TV room they would discreetly fondle one another.

It was Bennie who finally hit upon a plan by which to consummate their sexual desires. At 10 p.m. each night the staff would change shifts. The night nurse, being obese, old, and definitely lazy, afforded them ample opportunities to engage in sex. It was at the first opportunity that Bennie discovered Clara's absolute revulsion or fear (Bennie didn't know which) of vaginal intercourse.

After his fingers had aroused her sufficiently for the act, Bennie was amazed when Clara presented her buttocks at the edge of the hospital bed, grabbed Bennie's hard-on and, with a sigh of joy, expertly inserted it into her asshole. As Bennie performed the act Clara preferred, he discovered he liked the experience as much as he had delighted in sucking cocks while a convict.

Bennie and Clara celebrated with three days of drinking and sex, after which Clara suffered a heart attack.

Here, thought Bennie during moments of solitude in his own room, was an answer to an old convict's prison dream: a rich old woman who loved to be fucked in the ass.

Calling on his con's ability to sniff out the road to freedom, Bennie sent for his lawyer. Two weeks later Bennie and Clara were married and they moved into Clara's home. They celebrated their victory with three days of drinking and fucking, after which Clara suffered a mild heart attack. She was put on medication and told to amuse herself in a less strenuous manner.

* * *

Clara gave Bennie a quick hand job, and afterwards he fixed them both drinks. Lighting Clara's cigarette, he said, "Goddamnit, honey. We gotta get outa this house awhile. It's spring outside. Grass is green, trees budding. And here we sit in this room all fucked-up. Hell, we might as well be back in the nursing home."

"It'd be all right I guess," said Clara. "But let's wait a few days. I don't feel well enough yet."

"Bullshit, Clara. You never feel well enough to do anything 'cept stuff you can do lying on your skinny ass."

"What can we do, Bennie? We're too old to walk far. We can't mow grass or hoe in the garden. We're just too old." She lay back on her pillows.

"Goddamnit, we can smoke, drink and fuck. If we're healthy enough for that, we should be strong enough to go outside . . . on a picnic maybe. That's it. A goddamn, good ol' picnic with fried chicken, potato salad and lots of cold beer and. . . ."

". . . Don't forget the cigarettes," said Clara.

"We could bring a blanket and some pillows. Then find a nice grassy place with shade, hidden from everybody. Then we could eat, drink and fuck," Bennie cackled.

"Let's screw first," said Clara, her rasping laughter more cough than laugh. "All that other stuff might make us too tired to do it later on."

"We might even find some ducks, Clara. You know you said how you used to like to feed ducks when you were a little girl. You're always talkin' about feedin' them fuckin' ducks."

"Ducks or squirrels," said Clara, not really remembering.

"Anyway, we'll have a grand time, Clara. Just you and me."

"Sure, honey. Just you and me." Clara yawned, her toothless mouth opening grotesquely.

Bennie fixed two more drinks, placing Clara's within reach of her. Then he shuffled into the untidy kitchen.

His fuzzy vision tried to focus on the sign he'd painted on the wall earlier in the day. He looked at it as though seeing it for the first time. The paint had dried, leaving pale streaks through the letters. He leaned on the cluttered kitchen table, his chest heaving in another coughing spell.

Much later he found the brush and paint he had used. Slowly, with trembling hands, he tried to add more paint to the sign. He whispered the words over and over again as he painted them. "Bennie loves Clara . . . Bennie loves Clara. . . ." He hoped he'd remember to tell Clara about the sign this time. Funny, the way he forgot things so quickly these days.

"Oh, well," he whispered to himself, "it beats hell out of being in prison." He cackled as he painted a long, crooked line beneath the letters of the sign.

Suddenly he thought of something!

"Hey, Clara. You know what?" he shouted.

"What?"

"You and I got it made in the shade." He cackled again.

"How's that, lover?" asked Clara.

"Because, honey, we got the dignity of old age." And he cackled himself into another bad coughing spell.



"For God's sake, Leon, whatever you do, don't yell 'nigger'!"



MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

This column will help to simplify ordering mail-order erotica. We will review any mail-order sex products, including those advertised in HUSTLER, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll actually receive when you order. Companies that would like to have products reviewed in this column are invited to send sample merchandise and information to Mail-Order Feedback *(Product Review). We'll also tell customers how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert our readers to frauds and faulty products.*

by Todd David Schwartz

300 FEET OF TITS

Stripper Chesty Morgan reminds me of a giant balloon creature I once saw in the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade, probably because her bust is a phenomenal 73 inches.

This one-woman watermelon patch can be ogled in a regular 8mm color movie called *Deadly Weapons*, ostensibly a collection of scenes from her full-length picture of the same name. The flick comes in two 150-foot reels, which cannot be purchased separately, and contains no sexual acts at all. The hottest footage could have been neatly capsulized in a 50-foot reel of film, and consists of nothing more than Chesty jiggling or fondling her grotesque bazooms. Despite those titantic tits, Chesty is not fat, although a little wide hipped, and the only time we see her completely nude is from the back when she steps into a bathtub.

In addition to the rather grainy film quality and disappointing photography, most of the movie is loaded with yawn-inducing filler, such as exterior shots of a nightclub, a bunch of women doing the can-can, a man reading a newspaper, or Chesty herself standing around fully clothed. Morgan's mammoth mammaries are not milked for all they're worth and, the freak-show element notwithstanding, this film is ultimately an utter failure.

Cost is $35 postpaid from *Kinematics, Inc.* (708 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York 10036).

ENEMAS, ANYONE?

Roxbury Press (P.O. Box 8421, Van Nuys, California 91409) is one of the oldest and most dependable companies dealing in enema material. *The Whole Roxbury Catalog 1977* is a 23-page booklet offering enema films, photo sets, tapes, novels, magazines, T-shirts and all sorts of equipment designed to keep your colon contented. *Roxbury* also sells a few S&M films and photos. Catalog price is $3.

A HOT SWINDLE

On page 117 in the June 1977 issue of HUSTLER there was an ad that read as follows:

> GUARANTEED TO SPREAD HER LEGS
>
> If you think Spanish Fly is hot stuff you haven't tried "Heat." Now you can put her in heat quicker and make her hotter than with any pill you've ever tried! We guarantee that she will spread her legs for you again and again or your money back! Highly concentrated. Positive results in less than 10 minutes. Pack of 9 only $2.95 or 3 packs (27) for only $6.95. HEAT, Dept. 2511, 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Ca. 90028.

What you receive for $2.95 is a pack of nine matches, while $6.95 gets you three of these matchbooks. Although the nature of such a sham is somewhat humorous, there is nothing funny about rip-off artists burning people by delivering dreck. HUSTLER has permanently extinguished these flaming assholes from our *Mail-Order Mania* section. We certainly don't want to promote this kind of advertising con job, and our policy is to try to find out as much as we can about products before accepting ads for them.

If you read this ad carefully, you find that it never tells you exactly what "Heat" is, yet the ambiguous and clever wording describes the actual product quite well. One way to avoid such rip-offs is by using your common sense: There are no scientifically accepted aphrodisiacs on the market; there's no price you can pay for pills or potions that will magically make up for the passionate lust you are not able to instill in a woman by simply using the resources of your own personality.

FEEDBACK LETTERS

I have a complaint against *M&K Diving & Marine Salvage Corporation* (General Box 1528, New York, New York 10001). After mailing in my $38 check six months ago, along with an order, I have not received merchandise or a word from them. I have written twice, to no avail.

I am enclosing photocopies of all of the transactions.

R. J. H.
Alexandria, Virginia

We have received numerous complaints about M&K Diving, *and they continue to ignore letters we send them requesting an explanation. When you first checked out their brochure, which starts off by claiming, "We raised $2 million-worth of Danish porn from a wreck in the Bermuda Triangle . . .", you should have smelled anchovies. However, the main indication that these waterlogged weasels have seaweed up their sleeves lies in the incredible bargains they offer—three 200-foot, 8mm hard-core color films for $5, six films for $10, nine films for $15, all the way up to 32 films for $38. This alluring come-on is very similar to the raps used by such Shifty Sellers as* Hornbeck Brothers, Rhinebeck Brothers, American International Film Festival, Majestic Distributors, Inc., G.B. Olgalon Company *and* Film Finders Film Club.

No matter how slick or convincing the rationalization they may give you for such a great offer, no authentic porno-movie purveyor could ever afford to run a profitable business by giving away films at such ludicrously low prices. In most cases, when you see 200-foot hard-core movies being offered for less than a $15 to $20-per-film price range, you should become very suspicious. As we stated in Mail-Order Feedback *in our September 1976 issue: "The most obvious earmark of a fly-by-night mail-order operation is an ad that promises something for (practically) nothing. There ain't no such animal."*

I received an advertisement through the mail from *Amjon Publishers, Inc.* (245 West 19th Street, New York, New York 10011) for a book entitled *Simons' Book of World Sexual Records.* I sent a check for $8.95, expecting to receive the book in a matter of weeks, but after almost three months it still had not arrived. I finally sent them a letter and am waiting for a reply.

H. D. L.
Luray, Virginia

We contacted Amjon Publishers *and they informed us that the delay in shipping was a result of a flood of orders greater than they anticipated. They sold out the copies they had and are in the process of printing more. They have sent a notice to all customers informing them of this fact. If you do not receive your copy of* Simons' World Sexual Records *soon, let us know.*

If you have any problems with the service that you receive from any mail-order advertisers, including those in HUSTLER, write us a letter so we can alert other readers to possible rip-offs. Include the firm's name, address and all pertinent facts about the incident. We'll contact the firm and check it out for you. If you have dealt with a good, reliable company, we would like to know that too. Please send all correspondence to: HUSTLER Magazine, Mail-Order Feedback, *40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.*

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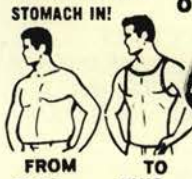
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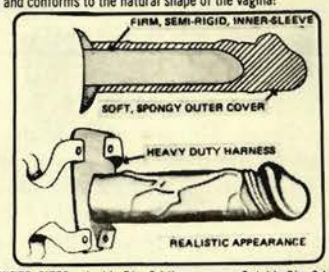
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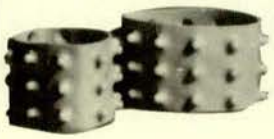
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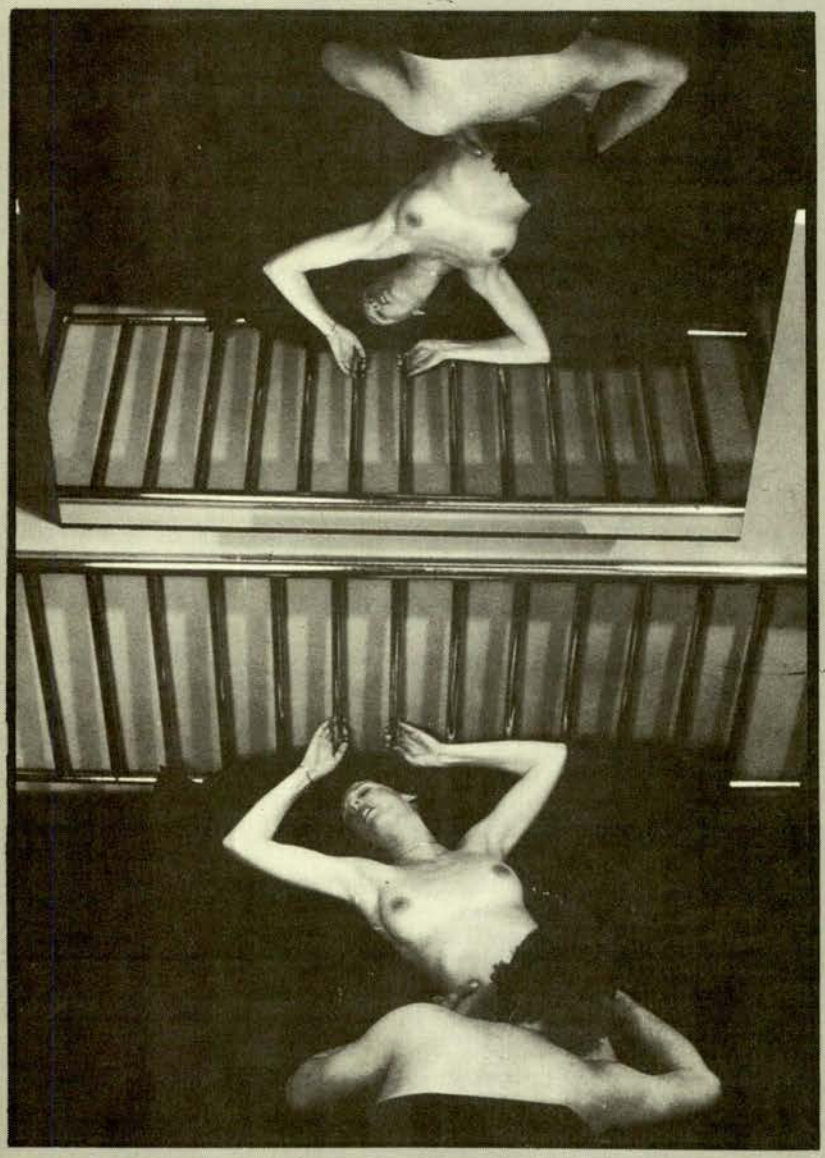
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(continued from page 117)

lars for any country act. They just kept on raisin' their prices until they put me out of business. I can't count the times I paid acts one hundred or two hundred dollars more than the contract actually called for. It seems like nothin' today, but back then it was a lot of money out of a country promoter's pocket. But I give it to 'em 'cause they *earned it.* You think entertainers ever remember things like that?

"And then they started puttin' clauses in their contracts, like 'Said act reserves the right to cancel within thirty days if booked for network television production.' I called some of 'em and said, 'Look, I been buyin' you for years, givin' you twenty dates a year. Now you want to forget all that for one TV spot? And who made you big enough to get on the TV show in the first place?' I guess they thought ol' 'Golden Goose' Haney would keep layin' forever."

Even if they had such thoughts, by then many acts no longer cared. For the blunt truth is, for a man who did so much for so many for so long, Carlton Haney is one of the most disliked men in the country music community. It is almost shocking how many artists would refuse to work for him at *any* price. Bill Monroe, for instance, a man whom Carlton literally deifies ("There have been only two musicians: Bach and Bill Monroe"), has not spoken to him since 1970 and adamantly refuses to discuss him. Much of the bitterness stems from money matters, and it is almost maddening how often Carlton will suddenly interject into a conversation his pet phrase, "I've got the [pick one] contract [or] canceled check [or] receipt to

Carlton Haney is one of the most disliked men in the country music community.

prove it, *no matter what he says.*" But he will readily admit that he has pulled some shenanigans that—while not exactly illegal—are not exactly kosher either. One quick example: After spending that prophetic week with Buck Owens, drilling into him that the first thing he must do is set a firm price and stick to it, Carlton sent the soon-to-be superstar back to Nashville. But before Owens could get back, Carlton had called his agent and bought 15 dates on him at a less-than-superstar's price. Owens worked the dates and has not spoken to Carlton since.

Another reason is that if a person keeps his mouth open as much as Carlton, he is bound to put his foot in it once in a while. And though he has made many stars, he has also made many promises that, despite his good intentions, he later couldn't or wouldn't keep. "Carlton's helped a lot of people, it's true," says one obscure performer who was the recipient of much of Carlton's verbiage, but none of his exertions. "But the only way he's ever helped anybody was if he could make a buck off them," a common complaint of many performers, especially when considering Carlton's endless affirmations of solely selfless motives.

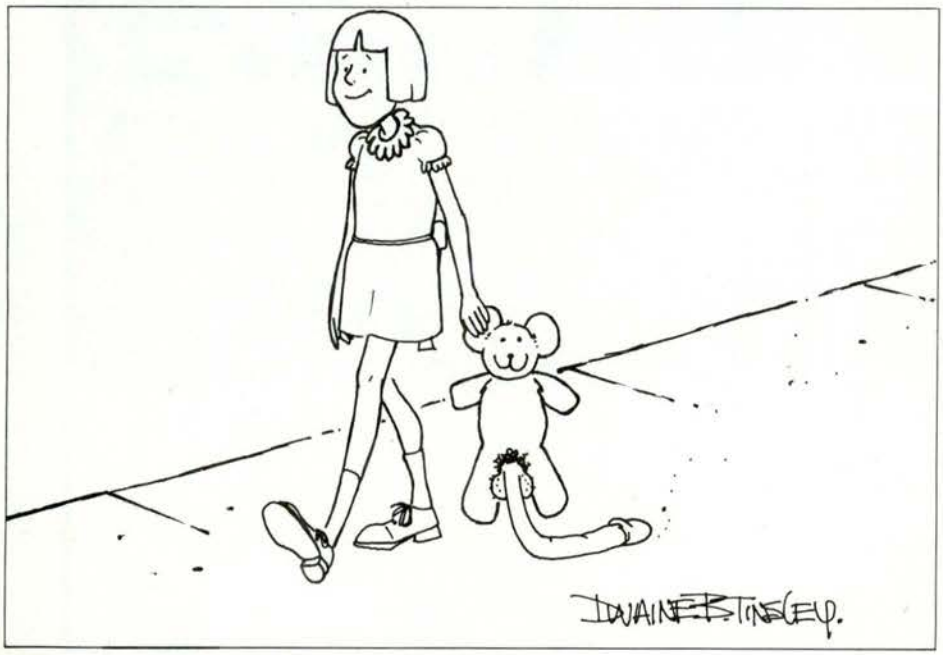
Carlton, himself, sees other factors for his lack of popularity. "At first they needed me," he says. "They were all pullin' for me so they could ride my coattails to the top. To show you how much I meant to Nashville back then, I had a dispute with one act and he took it to the managers' association. All but four managers voted not to sell me no more talent. When they realized what they had done, they dissolved the association so they could keep dealin' with me. But after I got successful, the acts began thinkin', *He's makin' a killin' off me.* Or when they saw how much I was grossin', they'd think, *What kind of deal is this when the promoter makes four times more than the star?* They wanted me as long as they needed me. After that they got as big a pleasure out of kickin' me when I came down as they did ridin' me on the way up.

"And when you get as close to people as I was to them, you find out more than they want you to know about 'em personally. I knew their faults and weaknesses and what made 'em tick. I knew how to manipulate 'em, motivate 'em, control their minds. I knew 'em for what they really were. I looked at 'em different from the way the fans looked at 'em. And this made a lot of 'em resent me. When you can take performers and make 'em do things they don't even know why they're doin' 'em, this makes 'em distrust you.

"I never let the artists run the show. Once a promoter starts doin' that, he might as well fold his tent and go home. I've never had an argument with any artist 'cause I know how they're goin' to end before they even start. A few discussions, maybe, but never an argument. So they couldn't pull none of their 'star' shit with me 'cause they knew I wouldn't take it for a second. Those Nashville egos just couldn't stand me no more."

So now, except for six Conway Twitty/Loretta Lynn shows a year, Carlton nurtures and prods his all-time masterstroke—the bluegrass festival. And for the present, at least, matters are as they were back in the early days. There are no bluegrass superstars demanding exorbitant prices, no tender psyches so easily bruised by his heavy-handedness, no group telling him it cannot make it next month because Johnny Carson just called. It is once again time to take a robust, if still unsteady, stripling and midwife him into every home in Middle America.

Though he claims to be happily married, Carlton lives alone in a squat, unattractive house completely devoid of any landscaping, shrubs, gardens or trees; just five rooms set down on a concrete



slab, the exterior brick almost sweating mud from the relentless Carolina sun. Located not 40 yards off the main highway between Danville and Reidsville, with truckers roaring by at all hours, the place has a decibel level roughly equivalent to the eighth row at Daytona. Inside, Carlton, blissfully unaware of the auditory assault, usually sits at his desk, either tending to his 200-letter-a-week correspondence or running up his $1200-a-month phone bill. Even from this remote outpost, he believes in staying in touch. His fluorescent desk lamp never goes off. Except for a reading light above his bed, it is often the only one that ever comes on. Windows are taped over, doors are kept shut. The whole atmosphere gives the eerie feeling of being in a bunker.

Moreover, it is a seeming chaos with a labyrinth of papers, boxes, pictures and folders often crammed in so tightly that one would think Eddie Arcaro couldn't get from one room to another, much less a double for Fatty Arbuckle. But Carlton can miraculously lay his hands on anything you ask for within 30 seconds. "I've always been good with numbers and had a good memory," he explains. "I can remember every single show I've ever run: the date, the town, the acts, how much I took in, how much I paid out, everythin'. That's how I made it in gamblin'. I could remember every card in the deck. Lot of times I knew what card the other man was gawn put down before *he* even did.

"I played baseball two years in the Cardinal chain as a catcher. Catcher's usually the biggest man on the team. There I was, five-five, one hundred thirty-five pounds, the smallest. But hardly anybody ever stole on me. You know why? 'Cause I figured out how to get my throw down to second base a sixth of a second before the runner got there. I did it by figurin' the mathematics of it. Lou Brock, Maury Wills, the great base stealers, they didn't do it all on sheer speed. They figured out how to get to the base a sixth of a second *before the catcher's throw.* But there weren't any base-stealers that knew that back then. I had 'em all outfigured. If the pitcher held his runner on base and gave me a good pitch to handle, there was *nobody* who could beat my throw. I've always made it a habit to know the numbers and odds and percentages of everything I've ever done.

"You want to know what happened with me and Merle Haggard? Wait here a minute." He waddles into the adjoining room, then back again a half minute later, somehow having pulled the desired document out of the endless morass. "Look, here's the contract to prove I was right."

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For complete information, see page 4.

Little, if anything, is ever thrown out. Thus, his bedroom is jammed with an estimated ton of old newspapers, leaving him only enough space to get from the door to the bed, which he shares with—more newspapers. "Everything from the *New York Times* to the *Danville Register*." One wonders why he bothers to go to bed at all, as he sleeps amazingly little—a few hours in the early morning, say from four to eight.

The kitchen, alas, is no different from the working area. Dirty plates, glasses, silverware, pots, pans and empty Pepsi bottles are piled everywhere, giving off an almost choking odor. Carlton has never taken a drink and quit smoking several years ago, but he almost mindlessly indulges in junk food, heedlessly putting away all manner of garbage and washing it all down with an invariable Pepsi. As he is missing about a dozen or so front teeth and the rest are badly decayed, none of his fodder gets a very thorough chewing. Hence his titanic stomach.

After spending a night or two amidst such conditions, one is inevitably reminded of the occasional *National Enquirer* headline that shouts, "Demented Millionaire Found Living in Squalor." Indeed, it is a bizarre setting in which to find a man who has shown the medical faculty at Duke University how to treat slipped discs.

The American Federation of Musicians would absolutely die if it ever got a glimpse of Carlton's command post and realized that here in this hovel lives the man who has pierced its once-invincible armor. Though Carlton's disenchantment with the country music fraternity played a large part in his decision to ply his promotional talents elsewhere, it was the union that outright *forced* him to. However, to its surprise, Carlton decided to apply a little force of his own. And though the battle is far from over, and he is a long way from winning it, he has caused the union to retreat considerably.

When the musicians' union blacklisted Haney, he responded with a court order and 39 lawsuits against them for extortion and damages.

"It's cost me five years and seventy thousand dollars," he says. "But you mention the name 'Haney' to any officer in the musicians' union and see if his face don't get a little white.

"I had a dispute with Jerry Lee Lewis in 1972. The union called every agency in Nashville and said if they sold me any more talent, the union would take reprisals against them. What does my dispute with Lewis have to do with Conway Twitty? Right there is a third-party boycott, illegal as hell.

"Then they put my name on a blacklist. That's illegal too. The Supreme Court has done ruled in the case of Pete Seeger and of Muhammad Ali that you can't put a man's name on a list and deprive him of makin' a livin'. The musicians' union is the only outfit in the country that prints a blacklist. It has ten thousand names on it; takes 'em three issues of their monthly newsletter to get 'em all on there. None of these people have ever been took to court, much less given a chance to explain their side to *anybody*. I showed all this to two U. S. attorneys and they said, 'This is unbelievable!' I went to Washington and got a federal judge to order the agencies to sell me talent or I would file suit. But there was a three-month lapse in there, and in that three months other promoters bought all my talent and took all my towns. All these other promoters had to say was, 'Haney's on the blacklist. He won't be able to buy any talent. Why not sell it to me instead?" See, the union has every musician, every singer, every agency, every promoter scared to death.

"Say a promoter wants to rent a buildin' that has an agreement with the union to use *x* number of stagehands, but he doesn't need 'em all. They can't refuse to rent him the buildin' or it's extortion! But the union pulls this kind of shit every day! What none of 'em know is that they can fight back through the National Labor Relations Board and through the courts. And through *me!* I got thirty-nine lawsuits against the union right now for damages, extortion and third-party boycott.

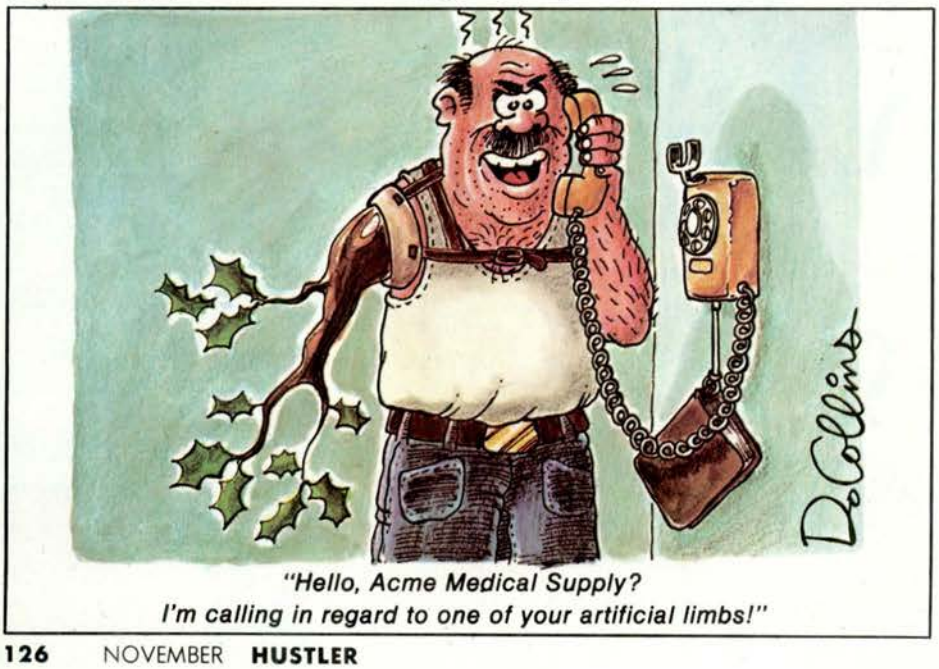
"If anybody's threatened by the union, all he has to do is come to me and I'll stop 'em dead in their tracks. I'm the only one ever to sue successfully the national union in New York.

"And here I am just a little small-town promoter down here in Nawth C'lina, runnin' hillbilly shows. Bet that kills 'em more than anythin'."

But Carlton is ten parts lover to every one part fighter. Thus, the crack of dawn on a Saturday morning finds him up and ardently planning his latest adventure. "I'm startin' a bluegrass radio show on WPTF in Raleigh once a month," he exults. "Pretty soon we'll go to twice a month, then every week. Then we'll have it in another town, then three more, then ten. It'll be to bluegrass what the Grand Ole Opry is to country.

"Now there's a fifteen-year-old boy in Washington, D. C., got a chance to become the greatest mandolin player ever. And I'm gawn use him on these shows, show him how to do it, how to control the audiences' minds just like I'm gawn control his, how to get things out of that mandolin he didn't even know could be got out, how to use his instrument to . . . ."

Again, Carlton Haney is gearing up, *just like gettin' a woman ready to screw.*



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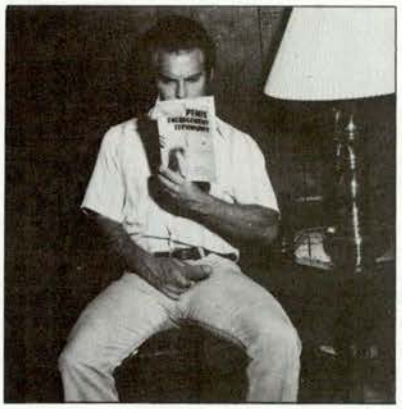


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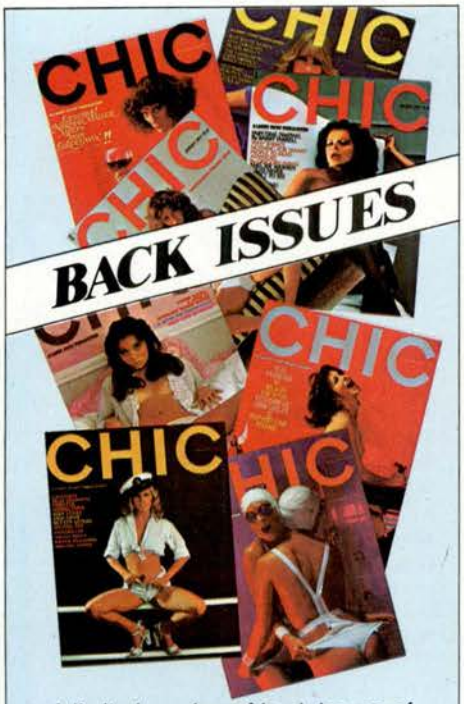
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DECEMBER *Preview*

COMING ATTRACTIONS

WELCOMING WINTER

CUBA TODAY: COMMIES, CIGARS AND SEX—Now that Cuba has reopened its doors to American tourists, can we expect to find many revolutionary changes in that country? Contributing Editor Frank Fortunato filed this in-depth report on the sex, politics and local color of our nearest Communist neighbor.

HUSTLER INTERVIEW: ANDREW KOWAL—The publisher of *High Times*, a magazine geared to the drug culture, pushes his controversial views on the decriminalization of narcotics.

WHY NOT A WHORE CORPS FOR CONGRESS?—Flo Kennedy, an attorney and an outspoken advocate of prostitutes' rights, and writer Irene Davall lay down their innovative plan for the greatest Washington fringe benefit since Elizabeth Ray.

SEX PLAY: THE ATMOSPHERE OF SEX—Does your life-style *really* make a difference in how much you enjoy fucking? Next month's *Sex Play* examines one reason why so many men are frustrated with their sex lives. By Dean Latimer

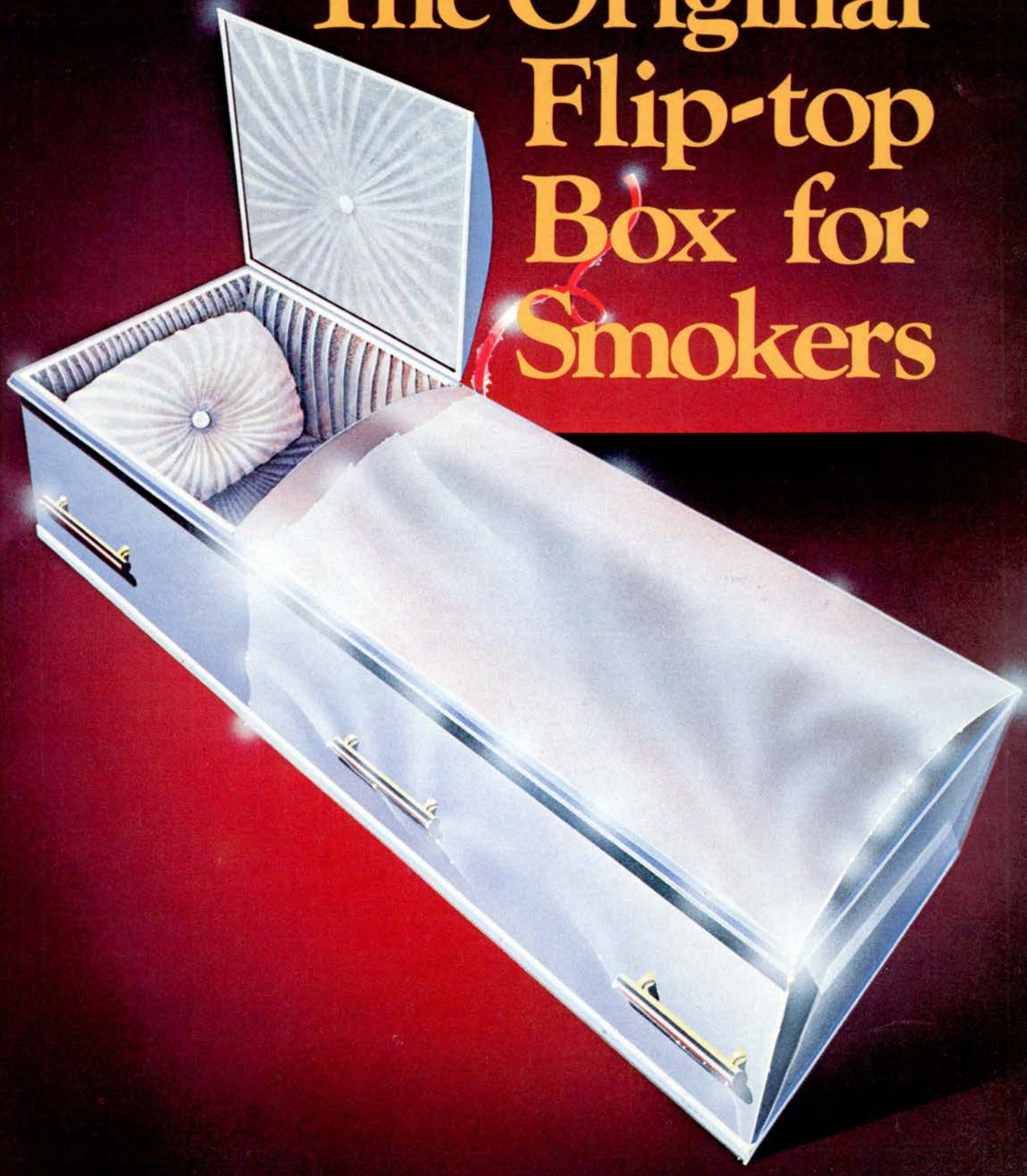
LYDIA: COMING CLEAN, the well-scrubbed lass in our life-size centerfold, will do her best to convince you that cleanliness is really next to lust, while **SHANE: "I'VE GOT THE MUSIC IN ME"** makes a strong case for the rhythm method. **MARLYNN: SOLID SENDER** will get you on her wavelength and broadcast an unmistakable, X-rated message to anyone who'll listen, and **VICKI: A LITTLE BIT OF COUNTRY** is bound to have you longing for the rural life, where a roll in the hay is the ultimate thrill.



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